

THE  
L O N D O N

*K* Polite Songster :

Being, a New and Choice  
C O L L E C T I O N

Of the most approved  
*English and Scotch* SONGS, AIRS,  
CATCHES, &c. now in Vogue,

Including those Sung at the  
Places of Public DIVERSION, viz.  
*Vaux Hall, Ranelagh, &c.*

Also at the SOCIETIES of  
Free Mafons, Bucks, Sea Ser-  
jeants, True Britons, Choice  
Spirits, Bloods, &c.

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In Two VOLUMES.

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L O N D O N :

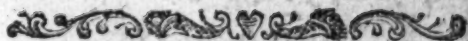
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THE

## Introduction.

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*Rules and Directions, which may enable Gentlemen and Ladies to Sing agreeably.*



HOUGH the first Requisite to make an accomplish'd Singer is a fine Voice, yet an indifferent Voice, by the Helps of *Taste* and *Manner*, will give more Pleasure than the fine Voice without them. 'Tis not merely singing in Time and Tune; but there must be an Ease and Elegance, which may be improv'd by the subsequent Rules.

A

RULE



## R U L E I.

**N**EVER be ask'd twice to sing; for to be over squeamish in that Particular favours of low Breeding and ill Manners, and is impolitic too: For 'tis always dangerous to raise an Expectation beyond the Scale of Satisfaction; which Precaution, I hope, will be an infallible Cure for all fictitious Colds, Hoarsnesses, Want of Practice, &c.

## R U L E II.

**A**S Poetry and Music are Sister-Arts, they certainly ought not to be Enemies to each other; it is therefore absolutely necessary that Ladies and Gentlemen should sing distinctly and intelligibly, so that the Words may be comprehended, and that the Sense is not quaver'd away by the Sound.

R U L E



## R U L E III.

**A**S it is the business of the Composer to make the Sound an Echo to the Sense, so it is the Business of the Singer also, with this Addition, that his Gesture, as well as his Voice, be accordant to every Note.

## R U L E IV.

**A**S there is a Satiety in all Things, or (to use the vulgar Phrase, as *too much of one Thing is good for nothing*, it is highly requisite to know when to finish with Grace; for tho' it is bad to be ask'd *twice* to sing, it is still worse to be ask'd *once* to hold your Peace.

I shall conclude these Instructions with Mr. *Pentweazle's* Translation of a few Lines in the first Book of



*Horace*, which are a Satire on the  
Singers of his Time :

*Nay 'tis the same with all the Coxcomb  
Crew,  
Of singing Men, and singing Womentoo ;  
Do they not set their Cat-calls up of  
course ?  
The King himself might ask them 'till  
he's hoarse :  
But would you split their Windpipes  
and their Lungs,  
The surest Way's to bid them hold their  
Tongues.*





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THE  
WARBLER;  
OR,  
VOCAL MAGAZINE, &c.

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SONG I.

The Lass of the Mill. *Sung by Mr. Beard.*

WHO has e'er been at Badlock must  
needs know the mill,  
At the sign of the Horse, at the foot of the  
hill,  
Where the grave and the gay, the clown and  
the beau,  
Without all distinction promiscuously go.  
*Where the grave, &c.*

This man of the mill has a daughter so fair,  
With so pleasing a shape and so winning an air;  
That once on the ever-green bank as she stood,  
I'd a swore she was Venus just sprung from the  
flood.

*That once, &c.*

But looking again I perceiv'd my mistake,  
For Venus, tho' fair, has the look of a rake;  
A 3 While



While nothing but virtue and modesty fill  
 The more beautiful looks of the las of the mill.  
*While nothing but virtue, &c.*

Prometheus stole fire, as the poets all say,  
 To enliven that mass which he modell'd of  
 clay ;  
 But had Polly been with him the beam of her  
 eyes  
 Would have sav'd him the trouble of robbing  
 the skies.  
*But had Polly, &c.*

Since first I beheld this dear las of the mill,  
 I can ne'er be at quiet, but do what I will,  
 All the day and all night I sigh and think still  
 I shall die if I have not this las of the mill.  
*All the day, &c.*

## S O N G 2.

**T**HE women all tell me I'm false to my  
 las,  
 That I quit my poor Cloe and stick to my glass ;  
 But to you, men of reason, my reasons I'll own,  
 And if you don't like 'em, why, let 'em alone.

Altho' I have left her, the truth I'll declare,  
 I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was  
 fair ;  
 But goodness and charms in a bumper I see,  
 That makes it as good and as charming as she.

My Cloe had dimples and smiles I must own,  
 But tho' she could smile, yet in truth she  
 could frown : But



But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,  
Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine ?

Her lillies and roses were just in their prime,  
Yet lillies and roses are conquer'd by time ;  
But in wine from its age such a benefit flows,  
That we like it the better the older it grows.

They tell me my love would in time have  
been cloy'd,  
And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis en-  
joy'd ;  
But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy,  
For the longer I drink the more thirsty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and history prove  
The mischiefs that wait upon rivals in love :  
But in drinking, thank heav'n, no rival con-  
tends,  
For the more we love liquor, the more we are  
friends.

She too might have poison'd the joy of my life,  
With nurses, and babies, and squalling, and  
strife :

But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring,  
And a big-bellied bottle's a mighty good thing.

We shorten our days when with love we engage,  
It brings on diseases and hastens old age ;  
But wine from grim death can it's votaries save,  
And keep out t'other leg, when there's one in  
the grave.

Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to their word,  
She had left me to get an estate or a lord :  
But



[ 8 ]

But my bumper, regarding nor title, nor pelf,  
Will stand by me while I can't stand by my-  
self.

Then let my dear Cloe no longer complain ;  
She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain :  
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I  
spy :  
Should you doubt what I say——take a bum-  
per and try.

S O N G 3.

**W**HEN first by fond Damon Flavella  
was seen,  
He lightly regarded her air and her mein ;  
The charms of her mind he alone did commend,  
Not warm as a lover, but cool as a friend :  
From friendship, not passion, his raptures did  
move,  
And the swain bragg'd his heart was a stranger  
to love.

New charms he discover'd, as more she was  
known,  
Her face grew a wonder, her taste was his own ;  
Her manners were gentle, her sense was refin'd,  
And O what dear virtues beam'd forth in her  
mind :  
Still, still for the sanction of friendship he strove,  
Till a sigh gave the omen, and shew'd it was  
love.

[ fair,  
Now, proud to be conquer'd, he sighs for the  
Grows dull to all pleasure, but being with her ;  
He's



He's mute, till his heart-strings are ready to  
break,  
For fear of offending forbids him to speak ;  
And wanders a willing example to prove,  
That friendship with woman is sister to love.

A lover thus conquer'd can ne'er give offence,  
Not a dupe to her smiles, but a slave to her  
sense ;  
His passion, not wrinkles, nor age can allay,  
Since founded on that which can never decay ;  
And time, that can beauty's short empire re-  
move,  
Encreasing her reason, encreases his love.

S O N G 4.

J O V E, when he saw my Fanny's face,  
With wond'rous passion mov'd,  
Forgot the care of human race,  
And found at last he lov'd :  
*And found, &c.*  
Then to the god of soft desire,  
His suit he thus address'd ;  
I Fanny love—with mutual fire  
O touch her tender breast.  
*I Fanny love, &c.*

Your sighs are hopeless, Cupid cries,  
I lov'd the maid before ;  
What, rival me ! the pow'r replies,  
Whom gods and men adore :  
*Whom gods, &c.*  
He grasp'd the bolt, he shook the springs  
Of his imperial throne ;

While



While Cupid wav'd his rosy wings,  
And in a breath was gone.

*While Cupid, &c.*

O'er earth and seas the godhead flew,  
But still no shelter found,

For as he fled his dangers grew,  
And light'ning flash'd around :

*And light'ning, &c.*

At last his trembling fear impells

His flight to Fanny's eyes ;

Where happy, safe and pleas'd, he dwells,

Nor minds his native skies.

*Where happy, &c.*

# SONG 5.

**A**T St. Olythe, by the mill,  
There lives a lovely lass ;

O had I her good will,

How gaily life would pass :

No bold intruding care

My bliss should e'er annoy,

Her smiles would gild despair,

And brighten ev'ry joy.

Like nature's rural scene,

Her artless beauties charm,

Like them, with joys serene,

Our wishing hearts they warm ;

Her wit, with sweetness crown'd,

Steals ev'ry sense away ;

The list'ning swains around,

Forget the short'ning day.

Health,



[ II ]

Health, freedom, wealth and ease,  
 Without her tasteless are ;  
 She gives them pow'r to please,  
 And makes 'em worth our care.  
 Is there, ye fates, a bliss  
 Reserv'd my future share ?  
 Indulgent, hear my wish,  
 And grant it all in her.

S O N G 6.

**A**T the brow of a hill a fair shepherdess  
 dwelt,  
 Who the pangs of ambition nor love e'er had  
 felt ;  
 A few sober maxims still ran in her head,  
 That 'twas better to earn e'er she eat her brown  
 bread ;  
 That to rise with the lark was conducive to  
 health,  
 And to folk in a cottage contentment was  
 wealth.

Young Roger that liv'd in the valley below,  
 Who at church and at market was reckon'd a  
 beau ;  
 Would oftentimes try o'er her heart to prevail,  
 And would rest on his pitchfork to tell her his  
 tale ;  
 With his winning behaviour he so wrought on  
 her heart,  
 That quite artless herself she suspected no art.

He flatter'd, protested, he kneel'd and implor'd,  
 And would lie with the grandeur and air of a  
 lord ;  
 Her

Health,



Her eyes he commended with language well  
 drest,  
 And enlarg'd on the tortures he felt in his  
 breast;  
 With his sighs and his tears he so soften'd her  
 mind,  
 That in downright compassion to love she  
 inclin'd.

But as soon as he'd melted the ice of her breast,  
 The heat of his passion that moment decreas'd;  
 And now he goes flaunting all over the vale,  
 And boasts of his conquest to Susan and Nell;  
 Tho' he sees her but seldom, he's always in  
 haste,  
 And whenever he mentions her makes her his  
 jest.

Take heed ye young virgins of Britain's gay  
 isle,  
 How you venture your hearts for look or a  
 smile;  
 For young Cupid is artful, and virgins are frail,  
 And you'll find a false Roger in every vale;  
 Who to court you, and tempt you, will try all  
 their skill,  
 But remember the lass at the brow of the hill.

## SONG 7.

**A**SSIST me ev'ry tuneful bard,  
 Oh! lend me all your skill;  
 In choicest lays, that I may praise  
 Dear Nanny of the hill;  
 Dear Nanny, sweet Nanny,  
 Dear Nanny of the hill.

How



How gay the glitt'ring beam of morn,  
That gilds the chrystal rill ;  
But far more bright than morning light  
Shines *Nanny* of the hill ;  
Dear *Nanny*, shines *Nanny*,  
Dear *Nanny* of the Hill.

The gayest flow'r so fair of late,  
The ev'ning damps will kill ;  
But ev'ry day more fresh and gay  
Blooms *Nanny* of the hill ;  
Sweet *Nanny*, blooms *Nanny*,  
Sweet *Nanny* of the hill.

Old Time arrests his rapid flight,  
And keeps his motion still,  
Resolv'd to spare a face so fair  
As *Nanny's* of the hill ;  
Dear *Nanny's*, sweet *Nanny's*,  
Dear *Nanny's* of the hill.

To form my charmer, Nature has  
Exerted all her skill :  
Wit, beauty, truth, and rosy youth,  
Deck *Nanny* of the hill ;  
Deck *Nanny*, sweet *Nanny*,  
Dear *Nanny* of the hill.

And now around the festive board,  
The jovial bumpers fill ;  
Each take his glass to my dear lass,  
Sweet *Nanny* of the hill ;  
Dear *Nanny*, sweet *Nanny*,  
Dear *Nanny* of the hill.

SONG



## SONG 8.

**I**F love be a fault, and in me tho't a crime,  
How great my offence, bear me witness, O  
Time!

The days and the nights, and the hours, as  
they roll'd,

You know may be felt, but can never be told.  
One day pass'd away, and saw nothing but love,  
Another came on, and the same thing did prove;  
The sun it grew tir'd still to look on the same,  
But I grew more pleas'd when the next mo-  
ment came.

I saw you all day, and all day with new gust,  
And yet ev'ry day was to me as the first;  
Thus fleeting time passes with down on its wings,  
And whilst this remains rest unenvy'd ye kings.  
If this be a crime, be my judges, ye fair,  
And if I must suffer for what is so rare,  
True lovers hereafter this wonder shall tell,  
The cause of my death was for loving too well.

## SONG 9.

DAMON and SILVIA.

DAMON.

**D**EAR *Silvia* no longer my passion de-  
spise,

Nor arm thus with terror those beautiful eyes;  
*Nor arm, &c.*

They become not disdain, but most charming  
would prove



If once they were soften'd with smiles and  
with love.

*If once they were soften'd, &c.*

SILVIA.

While I with a smile can each shepherd sub-  
due,

O Damon I must not be soften'd by you ;  
O Damon, &c.

Nor fondly give up, in an unguarded hour,  
The pride of us women, unlimited power.

*The pride, &c.*

DAMON.

Tho' power, my dear, be to Deities given,  
Yet generous pity's the darling of heav'n ;  
*Yet generous, &c.*

O then be that pity extended to me,  
I'll kneel and acknowledge no goddess but thee.  
*I'll kneel, &c.*

SILVIA.

Suppose to your suit I should listen awhile,  
And only, for pity's sake, grant you a smile ?  
*And only, &c.*

DAMON.

Nay, stop not at that, but your kindness im-  
prove,  
And let gentle pity be ripen'd to love.  
*And let, &c.*

SILVIA.

Well then, faithful swain, I'll examine my  
heart,  
And, if it be possible, grant you a part :  
*And, if it be, &c.*

B 2

DAMON.



DAMON.

Now that's like yourself, like an angel express,  
For grant me but part, and I'll soon steal the  
rest.

*For grant me but part, &c.*

DUETT.

Take heed, ye fair maids, and with caution be-  
lieve,

For love's an intruder, and apt to deceive ;  
*For love's an intruder, &c.*

When once the least part the fly urchin has  
gain'd,

You'll ne'er be at ease till the whole is obtain'd.  
*You'll ne'er be at ease, &c.*

S O N G 10.

VULCAN, contrive me such a cup  
As Nestor us'd of old ;

Try all your skill to trim it up,  
And damask it round with gold.

Make it so large, when fill'd with punch  
Up to the swelling brim,

Vast toasts on the delicious lake,  
Like ships at sea may swim.

Carve me thereon a curling vine,  
And add two lovely boys ;

Whose limbs in amorous folds entwine,  
The types of future joys.

Cupid and Bacchus my gods are,  
May love and wine still reign ;

With



With wine I wash away my care,  
And then to my love again.

## SONG II.

**Y**E medley of mortals that make up this  
throng,  
Spare your wit for a moment, and list to my  
song ;  
What you would not expect here, my wit shall  
be new,  
And what is more strange, every word shall be  
true.

*Sing tantararara, truth all, truth all,  
Sing tantararara, truth all.*

Not a toy in the place you'll buy cheaper than  
mine,  
Bring your iasses to me, and you'll save all your  
coin ;  
The ladies alone will pay dear for my skill,  
For if they will hear me, their tongues must  
lie still.

*Sing tantarara, mute all, &c.*

Tho' our revels are scorn'd by the grave and  
the wise,  
Yet they practise all day, what they seem to  
despise :  
Examine mankind, from the great to the small,  
Each mortal's disguis'd, and the world is a  
ball.

*Sing tantarara, masks all, &c.*



The parson, brim-ful of October and grace,  
With a long taper pipe, and a round ruddy  
face;  
Will rail at our doings—but when it is dark,  
The doctor's disguis'd, and led home by the  
clerk.

*Sing tantarara, &c.*

The fierce roaring blade, with long sword and  
cock'd hat,  
Who with zounds! he did this, and d's-blood  
he'll do that;  
When he comes to his trial, he fails in his part,  
And proves that his looks were but masks to  
his heart.

*Sing tantarara, &c.*

The beau acts the rake, and will talk of A-  
mours,  
Shews letters from wives, and appointments  
from whores;  
But a creature so modest, avoids all disgrace,  
For how would he blush, should he meet face  
to face!

*Sing tantarara, &c.*

The courtiers and patriots, 'mongst other fine  
things,  
Will talk of their country, and love of their  
kings;  
But their masks will drop off, if you shake but  
their pelf,  
And shew king and country all centred in self.

*Sing tantarara, &c.*

With an out-side of virtue, Miss Squeamish  
she prude, If



[ 19 ]

If you touch her, she faints ; if you speak, you  
are rude :

Thus she's prim and she's coy till her blossoms  
are gone,

And when mellow, she's pluck'd by the coach-  
man, or John.

*Sing tantarara, &c.*

With a grave mask of wisdom, say physic and  
law,

In your case there's no fear, in your cause there's  
no flaw :

Till Death and the Judge have decreed, they  
look big ;

Then you find you have trusted—a full-bot-  
tom'd wig.

*Sing tantarara, &c.*

Thus life is no more than a round of deceit ;  
Each neighbour will find, that his next is a  
cheat :

But if, O ye mortals, these tricks ye pursue,  
You at last cheat yourselves—and the Devil  
cheats you.

*Sing tantarara, &c.*

S O N G 12.

**F** A I R and soft, and gay, and young,  
All charms ! she play'd, she danc'd, she  
fung ;

There was no way to 'scape the dart,  
No care could guard a lover's heart :

Ah ! why, cry'd I, and dropt a tear,  
Adoring, yet despairing e'er

To



To have her to myself alone,  
Was so much sweetness made for one ?

But, growing bolder, in her ear  
I in soft numbers told my care ;  
She heard, and rais'd me from her feet,  
And seem'd to glow with equal heat :  
Like Heav'n, too mighty to express,  
My joys could be but known by guess ;  
Ah fool, said I, what have I done,  
To wish her made for more than one !

But long I had not been in view,  
Before her eyes their beams withdrew ;  
E'er I had reckon'd half her charms  
She sunk into another's arms :  
But she that once could faithless be,  
Will favour him no more than me ;  
He too will find himself undone,  
And that she was not made for one.

## SONG 13.

**T**WO Gods of great honour, *Bacchus* and  
*Apollo*,

One famous in music, the other in wine,  
In heaven were raving, disputing and braving,  
Whose theme was the noblest and trade most  
divine :

Your music, says *Bacchus*, would stun us and  
rack us,

Did claret not soften the discord you make ;  
Songs are not inviting, nor verses delighting,  
Till poets of my great influence partake.

I'm



I'm young, plump and jolly, free from melan-  
cholly,

Who ever grew fat by the sound of a string ?  
Rogues doom'd to a gibbet do often contribute  
To purchase a bottle before they dare swing:  
In love I am noted, by old and young courted,  
A girl when inspired by me is soon won ;  
So great are the motions of one of my potions,  
The Muses, tho' maids, I could whore ev'ry  
one.

When mortals are fretted, perplex'd or indebted,  
To me, as a father, for succour they cry ;  
In their sad conditions, I hear their petitions,  
A bottle revives the oppress'd votary:  
Then leave off your tooting, your fidling and  
fluting,  
Aside throw your Harp, and now bow to the  
flask ;  
My joys they are ripen'd than songs from a piper,  
What music is sweeter than sounding a cask ?

Says *Phœbus*, this fellow is drunk sure, or mel-  
low,  
To prize music less than wine and october ;  
When those who love drinking are past thoughts  
of thinking;  
And want so much wit as to keep themselves  
sober.  
As they were thus wrangling, a scolding and  
jangling,  
Came buxom bright *Venus*, to end the dispute ;  
Says she, now to ease ye, *Mars* best of all  
pleas'd me  
When arm'd with a bottle, and charm'd with  
a flute,

I'm

Your



Your music has charm'd me, your wine has  
 alarm'd me,  
 When I have shew'd coyness and hard to be  
 won ;  
 When both have been moving I cou'd not  
 help loving,  
 And wine has compleated what music be-  
 gun.  
 The Gods, struck with wonder, vow'd both by  
 Jove's thunder,  
 They'd mutually join in supplying love's  
 flame ;  
 Since each in their function, mov'd on in con-  
 junction,  
 To melt in soft pleasures the amorous dame.

## S O N G 14.

**C**OME take your glass, the northern lass  
 So prettily advis'd ;  
 I drank her health, and really was  
 Agreeably surpriz'd :  
 Her shape so neat, her voice so sweet,  
 Her air and mein so free ;  
 The Syren charm'd me from my meat,  
 But take your glass, said she.

If from the North such beauty came,  
 How is it that I feel  
 Within my breast that glowing heat  
 No tongue can e'er reveal ?  
 Tho' cold and raw the north winds blow,  
 All summer's on her breast ;  
 Her skin is like the driven snow,  
 But sunshine all the rest.

Her



Her heart may southern climates melt,  
 Tho' frozen now in seems;  
 That joy with pain be equal felt,  
 And ballanc'd in extremes:  
 Then like our genial wine she'll charm,  
 With love, my panting breast;  
 Me, like our sun, her heart shall warm,  
 Be ice to all the rest.

## SONG 15.

**W**HEN *Sappho* struck the quiv'ring wire,  
 The throbbing breast was all on fire;  
 But when she rais'd the vocal lay,  
 The captive soul was charm'd away.

But had the nymph possess'd with these  
 Thy softer, chaster pow'r to please;  
 Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,  
 Thy native smiles of artless truth.

The worm of grief had never prey'd  
 On the forsaken, love-sick maid;  
 Nor had she mourn'd an hapless flame,  
 Nor dash'd on rocks her tender frame.

## SONG 16.

**I**N vain the force of female arms,  
 In vain their offer'd love;  
 Their smiles, their air, nor all their charms,  
 My passion can remove:  
 For all that's fair and good, I find  
 In Cloe's form, in Cloe's mind.

Let



Let Celia all her wit display,  
 That glitters as it kills ;  
 My heart disdains the feeble ray,  
 Nor light nor heat it feels :  
 For all that's bright and gay I find  
 In Cloe's form, in Cloe's mind.

Fair Flavia shines in gems and gold,  
 And uses all her arts ;  
 Not richest chains my heart can hold,  
 Unpierc'd by diamond darts :  
 For all that's rich and fair I find  
 In Cloe's form, in Cloe's mind.

Those notes, sweet Mira, now give o'er,  
 That once had pow'r to wound ;  
 When Cloe speaks they are no more,  
 But mix with common sound :  
 All grace, all harmony I find  
 In Cloe's form, in Cloe's mind.

## S O N G 17.

**B**ENEATH a cypress grove  
 Young Strephon sought relief,  
 The flowers around his head  
 Pin'd, conscious of his grief :  
 Fond, foolish wretch ! he cried,  
 I love, and yet despair ;  
 Pursue, tho' still deny'd  
 By the too cruel fair.

The Courtier asks a place,  
 The sailor tempts the sea,  
 The miser begs increase ;  
 Love only governs me :

Nor



Nor honour, wealth nor fame,  
 Can like soft transports move ;  
 On earth 'tis blifs supreme,  
 And heav'n is but to love.

## S O N G 18.

**I** Hope there's no foul, met over this bowl,  
 But means honest ends to pursue ;  
 With the voice go the heart, and let's never  
 depart  
 From the faith of an honest True Blue.

For country and friends let us damn private  
 ends,  
 And keep old British virtue in view ;  
 Despising the tribe who are sway'd by a bribe,  
 Be honest and ever True Blue.

On the politic knave who strives to enslave,  
 Whose schemes the whole nation may rue ;  
 On pension and place, that cursed disgrace,  
 Turn your backs and be staunch, be True  
 Blue.

With hounds and with horn, we will rise in  
 the morn,  
 With vigour the fox to pursue ;  
 Corruption's the cry, we will chase till he die,  
 'Tis worthy a British True Blue.

Here's a health to all those who do slavery op-  
 pose,  
 And our Trade both defend and renew ;

T<sub>a</sub>



To each honest voice that concurs in the choice  
And support of an honest True Blue.

## S O N G 19.

**L**ET those that love Helicon sip at it's  
stream,  
And, waken'd by water effeminate, dream;  
No aid I'll accept from a tea-drinking muse,  
Come Bumper *Bucchus* and toast the *True Blues*.

No death-dealing Hero's loud taunts I rehearse,  
No fighting poor Strephon shall whine in my  
verse;  
To friendship, wit, freedom, this sonnet is due,  
I name them all three when I toast a *True Blue*.

Great *Newton* the science of Vision refin'd,  
He, mason-like, open'd new lights on mankind;  
He examin'd each colour, and found by clear  
view,  
One chief one unchang'd, and he call'd it *True  
Blue*.

When the spring, velvet-budding, the face of  
earth blooms,  
And *Flora's* gay carpet creation perfumes;  
Fair *Phœbus* is pleas'd azure skies to look thro',  
The heavens are clearest when clouds are *True  
Blue*.

The goddess of Wisdom, *Minerva* the mild,  
Ev'ry Art's great protect'refs, and *Jove's* brain-  
born child,  
Had eyes of such lustre they shot you quite  
thro',  
And



And those eyes, to her honour, were sparkling  
*True Blue.*

Heroes, Statesmen and Patriots, triumphantly  
wear

The azure slant bandage, the breast-lustred star;  
To the noblest of knighthood this emblem is  
due,

The ribbon of honour is glorious *True Blue.*

This colour alone uncorrupted remains,  
Thro' the world 'tis allow'd that *True Blue*  
never stains;

Therefore each social son always wears it in  
view,

To shew that at heart he is *honest True Blue.*

But could I as bright as my theme make my  
verse,

Like *Sappho* I'd warble, like *Horace* rehearse;  
But oh! 'tis in vain, nothing more can I do

Than drink off my bumper to every *True Blue.*

## S O N G 20.

**S**WAINS I scorn, who, nice and fair,  
Shiver at the morning air;  
Brisk and hardy, bold and free,  
Be the man that's made for me.

Slaves to fashion, slaves to dress,  
Fops alone themselves caress;  
Let them without rival be,  
They are not the men for me.



He whose nervous arm can dart  
The javelin to the tiger's heart ;  
From all sense of danger free ;  
He's the man that's made for me.

While his speed outstrips the wind,  
Loosely wave his locks behind ;  
From fantastic foppery free,  
He's the man that's made for me.

Nor simpering smile, nor dimpled sleek,  
Spoil his manly sun-burnt cheek ;  
By weather let him painted be,  
He's the man that's made for me.

If false he proves, my javelin can  
Revenge the perjury of man ;  
And soon another, brave as he,  
Shall be found the man for me.

## S O N G 21.

**A**S *Celadon* once from his cottage did stray  
To court his dear *Jugg* on a hillock of  
hay,

What awkward confusion oppress'd the poor  
swain,

While thus he deliver'd his passion in pain.

O joy of my life' and delight of my eyes,  
Sweet *Jugg* ! 'tis for thee that poor *Celadon*  
dies ;

My pipe I've forsaken, tho' reckon'd so sweet,  
And sleeping or waking thy name I repeat.

When



[ 29 ]

When swains to an alehouse by force do me lug,  
Instead of a pitcher I call for a jagg;  
And sure you can't chide at repeating your  
name,  
When the nightingale every night does the  
same.

Sweet *Jagg* he a hundred times o'er does re-  
peat,  
Which makes people say that his voice is so  
sweet;  
Ah! why dost thou laugh at my sorrowful  
tale?  
Too well I'm assur'd that my words won't pre-  
vail.

For *Roger* the thatcher possesses thy breast,  
As he at our last harvest supper confess'd;  
I own it says *Jagg*, he has gotten my heart,  
His short curling hair looks so pretty and smart.

His eyes are so black, and his cheeks are so  
red,  
They prevail more with me than all you have  
said;  
Tho' you court me, and kiss me, and do what  
you can,  
It signifies nothing, for *Roger's* the man.

S O N G 22.

**A**S near *Portobello* lying,  
On the gently-swelling flood,  
At midnight, with screamers flying,  
Our triumphant navy rode;



There, while *Vernon* sat all-glorious  
 From the *Spaniards* late defeat,  
 And his crew, with shouts victorious,  
 Drank success to *England's* fleet.

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,  
 Hideous yells and shrieks were heard ;  
 Then each heart with fear confounding,  
 A sad troop of ghosts appear'd :  
 All in dreary hammacks shrouded,  
 Which for winding-sheets they wore ;  
 And with looks by sorrow clouded,  
 Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,  
 When the shade of *Hosier* brave  
 His pale band was seen to muster,  
 Rising from their watry grave :  
 O'er the glim'ring waves he hied him,  
 Where the *Burford* rear'd her sail,  
 With ten thousand ghosts beside him,  
 And in groans did *Vernon* hail.

Heed, oh heed, our fatal story,  
 I am *Hosier's* injur'd ghost ;  
 You who now have purchas'd glory  
 At the place where I was lost ;  
 Tho' in *Portobello's* ruin  
 You now triumph, free from fears,  
 Yet, to hear of my undoing,  
 You will mix your joys with tears.

See these mournful spectres, sweeping  
 Ghastly o'er this hated wave,  
 Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping !  
 These were *English* captains brave !

Mark



Mark those numbers pale & horrid !

Who were once my sailors bold ;  
Lo ' each hangs his drooping forehead  
Whilst his dismal tale is told.

I, by twenty sail attended,  
Did this Spanish town affright ;  
Nothing then it's wealth defended  
But the Orders *Not to fight* !  
O that in the rolling ocean  
I had cast them with disdain,  
And obey'd my heart's warm motion,  
To have quell'd the pride of *Spain*.

For resistance, I could fear none,  
But with twenty ships had done  
What thou brave and happy *Vernon*  
Didst atchieve with six alone :  
Then the *Bastimentos* never  
Had our foul dishonour seen,  
Nor the sea the sad receiver  
Of these gallant men had been.

Thus, like thee, proud *Spain* dismay'd,  
And her Galleons leading home,  
Tho' condemn'd for disobeying  
I had met a traitor's doom ;  
To have fall'n, my country crying  
He has play'd an English part,  
Had been better far than dying  
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,  
Thy successful arms we hail ;  
But remember our sad story  
And let *Hofier's* wrongs prevail :

Sent



Sent on this foul crime to languish,  
 Think what thousands fell in vain ;  
 Wasted with disease and anguish,  
 Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence, with all thy train attending,  
 From their oozy tombs below ;  
 Through the hoary foam ascending,  
 Here I feed my constant woe ;  
 Here, the Bastimentos viewing,  
 We recall our shameful doom ;  
 And, our plaintive cries renewing,  
 Wander thro' the midnight gloom !

O'er these waves, for ever mourning,  
 Shall we roam, depriv'd of rest,  
 If, to *Britain's* shores returning,  
 You neglect my just request :  
 After this proud foe subduing,  
 When your patriot friends you see,  
 Think on vengeance for my rain,  
 And for *England*, sham'd in me.

## S O N G 23.

## JOHNNY JENNY'S.

HE.

**L**ET rakes for pleasure range the town,  
 And misers doat on golden guineas ;  
 Let plenty smile or fortune frown,  
 The sweets of love are mine and *Jenny's*,  
 Mine and *Jenny's*, mine and *Jenny's*,  
 The sweets of love are mine and *Jenny's*.

SHE.



SHE.

Let wanton maids indulge desire,  
How soon the fleeting pleasure gone is !

The joys of virtue never tire,  
And such shall still be mine and *Johnny's*,  
Mine and *Johnny's*, mine and *Johnny's*,  
And such shall still, &c.

He. Together let us sport and play,

She. And live in pleasure where no sin is ;

He. The priest shall tie the knot today,

She. And wedlock's bands make *Johnny  
Fenny's*.

*Johnny Fenny's, &c.*

DUETT.

Together let us sport and play,

And live in pleasure where no sin is ;

The priest shall tie the knot today,

And wedlock's bands make *Johnny Fenny's*.

*Johnny Fenny's, &c.*

HE.

Let roving swains young hearts invade,

The pleasure ends in shame and folly ;

So *Willy* woo'd, and then betray'd

The poor believing simple *Molly*.

*Simple Molly, &c.*

SHE.

So *Lucy* lov'd, and lightly toy'd,

And laught at harmless maids who marry ;

But now she finds her shepherd cloy'd,

And chides, too late ! her faithless *Harry*.

*Faithless Harry, &c.*

He. Together let us sport, &c. as above.

DUETT. But we'll together, &c. as above.

HE.



HE.

By curling streams our flocks we'll feed,  
 And leave deceit to knaves and ninnies;  
 Or fondly stray where love shall lead,  
 And ev'ry joy be mine and Fenny's.  
*Mine and Fenny's, &c.*

SHE.

Let guilt the faithless bosom fright,  
 The constant heart is always bonny;  
 Content and peace, and sweet delight,  
 And love, shall live with me and Johnny.  
*Me and Johnny, &c.*

*He.* Together we will sport, &c.

*Duet.* Together then, &c.

## SONG 24.

**W**HAT med'cine can soften the bosom's  
 keen smart,

What Lethe can banish the pain?

What cure can be met with to soothe the fond  
 heart

'That's broke by a faithless young swain!

In hopes to forget him how vainly I try

The sports of the wake and the green;

When *Collin* is dancing I say with a sigh,

'Twas here first my *Damon* was seen.

When to the pale moon the soft nightingales  
 moan,

In accents so piercing and clear;

You sing not so sweetly, I cry with a groan,

As when my dear *Damon* was here.



[ 35 ]

A garland of willow my temples shall shade,  
And pluck it, ye nymphs, from yon grove ;  
For there, to her cost, was poor *Laura* be-  
tray'd,  
And *Damon* pretended to love.

S O N G 25.

**C**OLLIN one day in angry mood,  
Because *Myrtilla* whom he lov'd  
Laugh'd at his flame and mock'd his sighs,  
So fervently to *Jove* applies ;  
O *Jove* ! thou sovereign god above,  
Who feels the pains of slighted love,  
Hear a poor mortal's prayer, and take  
All the sex for pity's sake,  
That so we men may live at ease,  
Secure of happiness and peace.

*Jove* kindly heard ; he pray'd not twice,  
And took the women in a trice :  
When *Collin* saw the coast was clear,  
For not a single girl was there,  
Reflecting with himself, 'twas kind  
Says he, to gratify my mind ;  
But now my passion's o'er, O *Jove* !  
Give me *Myrtilla* back, my love ;  
Let me with her on earth be blest'd,  
And keep in Heaven all the rest.

S O N G 26.

**W**Hene'er, my *Cloe*, I begin  
Thy breast like mine to move,  
You



You tell me of that crying sin  
Of unchaste lawless love.

How can that pleasure be a crime  
That gave to *Cloe* birth?  
How can those joys but be divine  
That make a Heav'n on earth?

To wed mankind the priest trapann'd,  
By some sly fallacy;  
And disobey'd God's great command,  
Increase and multiply.

You say that love's a crime, content,  
Yet this allow you must,  
More joys in heav'n when one repent  
Than over ninety just.

Sin then, dear girl, for Heav'n's sake,  
Repent and be forgiven;  
Bless me, and by repentance make  
A holiday in Heav'n.

## SONG 27.

'T WAS when the sea was roaring  
With hollow blasts of wind,  
A damsel lay deploring,  
All on a rock reclin'd:  
Wide o'er the roaring billows  
She cast a wishful look,  
Her head was crown'd with willows,  
That trembled o'er the brook.



Twelve months were gone and over,  
 And nine long tedious days ;  
 Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,  
 Why didst thou trust the seas ?  
 Cease, cease then cruel ocean,  
 And let my lover rest ;  
 Ah ! what's thy troubled motion  
 To that within my breast ?

The merchant, robb'd of treasure,  
 Views tempests in despair ;  
 But what's the loss of treasure  
 To the losing of my dear ?  
 Should you some coast be laid on,  
 Where gold and diamonds grow ;  
 You'd find a richer maiden,  
 But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature  
 Has nothing made in vain ?  
 Why then beneath the water  
 Do hideous rocks remain ?  
 No eyes those rocks discover  
 That lurk beneath the deep,  
 To wreck the wand'ring lover,  
 And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholly lying,  
 Thus wail'd she for her dear ;  
 Repaid each blast with sighing,  
 Each billow with a tear :  
 When o'er the white waves stooping,  
 His floating corps she spy'd ;  
 Then like a lilly drooping,  
 She bow'd her head and dy'd.



## SONG 28.

**A**S musing I rang'd in the meads all alone,  
 A beautiful damsel was making her moan;  
 O the tears they did trickle full fast from her  
 eyes,  
 And she pierced the air and my heart with her  
 cries.

I gently requested the cause of her moan,  
 She told me her sweet Senifino was flown;  
 And in the sad posture she'd ever remain,  
 Unless the dear charmer wou'd come back again.

Why who is this mortal so cruel, said I,  
 That draws such a stream from so lovely an eye?  
 To beauty so blooming, what man can be blind?  
 To passion, so tender, what monster unkind?

'Tis neither for man, nor for woman, said she,  
 That thus in lamenting I water the lee;  
 My warbler, cœlestial, sweet darling of fame,  
 Is a shadow of something, a sex without name.

Perhaps 'tis some linnet, some blackbird, said I,  
 Perhaps 'tis your lark, that has soar'd to the sky;  
 Come dry up your tears and abandon your grief,  
 I'll bring you another, to give you relief.

No linnet, no blackbird, no sky-lark said she,  
 But one much more tuneful by far than all  
 three;

My sweet Senifino, for whom thus I cry,  
 Is sweeter than all the wing'd songsters that fly.

Aureu



[ 39 ]

Adieu Farinelli, Cuzzoni likewise,  
Whom stars and whom garters extol to the  
skies ;

Adieu to the opera, adieu to the ball,  
My darling is gone, and a fig for them all.

S O N G 29.

**W**HEN for a filly glittering toy  
Three goddesses were in dispute,  
Each tried to bribe the gentle boy  
And gain the golden fruit.

To me, said Juno, give the prize,  
A kingdom shall be your reward :  
I'll give you wisdom, Pallas cries,  
More worthy your regard.

Here Venus artfully stepped in ;  
My present will more tempting prove ;  
A beauty promis'd, let me win,  
And quit all else for love.

She said : He bows, and thus replies,  
Goddesses ! I can't but take this part ;  
What king so great, what sage so wise,  
As he that rules a heart ?

Like Paris, I would scorn a crown,  
To pow'r, or sordid riches, blind ;  
I'd learning slight, my books lay down,  
Would Emma but be kind.

S O N G



## SONG 30.

'T WAS in the month of *May*, when  
 maidens they will play,  
 And maypoles long and braye their helping  
 hands do crave ;  
 And fillabubs they are bro't up,  
 There's not a man drinks a sup  
 'Till I drink off my cup ;  
 For I am beloved of all, the great as well as  
 the small,  
 And my name it is *Arthur a Bradley*.

CHORUS. O rare *Arthur a Bradley*, fine *Ar-*  
*thur a Bradley*, tite *Arthur a Bradley*, delicate  
*Arthur a Bradley*, dexterous *Arthur a Bradley*,  
 pretty sweet *Arthur a Bradley*, delicious *Arthur*  
*a Bradley*, neat *Arthur a Bradley*, compleat  
*Arthur a Bradley*, fraptious *Arthur a Bradley*,  
 audacious *Arthur a Bradley*, build a sponce *Ar-*  
*thur a Bradley*, presumptious *Arthur a Bradley*,  
 beat the watch *Arthur a Bradley*, Oh !

As *Arthur* went forth one day, he met a fair  
 maid by the way,  
 He snatch'd her by the hand, desiring of her  
 to stand ;

If ever you lov'd your mother,  
 Love me, and love no other :  
 'Tis love that conquers kings,  
 And soople hearts it brings,  
 For I mean to make you my wife,  
 And live with you all the dear days of  
 my life ;

For



For my name it is *Arthur a Bradley*,  
CHO. O rare *Arthur*, &c.

If you this beauty would see, you'll please to  
hearken to me,

For a beauty he must have, because he was  
rich and brave,

This beauty had but one eye,

And her nose stood all awry,

Her teeth as rotten as a pear,

And her mouth from ear to ear ;

With a hump upon her back,

And a rump she did not lack :

With her bandy legs also,

That a wheelbarrow thro' them might

go ;

And her name it was draggle-tail *Dorothy*.

CHO. O rare draggle-tail *Dorothy*, piss-a-bed  
draggle-tail *Dorothy*, whore and thief draggle-  
tail *Dorothy*, bleer-ey'd draggle-tail *Dorothy*,  
crook-nose draggle-tail *Dorothy*, flap-mouth'd  
draggle-tail *Dorothy*, 'nagel tooth'd draggle-  
tail *Dorothy*, gabber-mouth'd draggle-tail *Do-*  
*rothy*, hopper-ars'd draggle-tail'd *Dorothy*,  
damnable drunken, scolding *Dorothy*, Oh !

O dear sir says she, you must have my mother's  
consent,

So to the old woman indeed this hopeful pair  
strait went ;

Good morrow old woman, said he ;

You're welcome sir, says she :

'Tis your daughter I do crave,

And your daughter I must have ;

For I mean to make her my wife,



And live with her all the dear days of  
my life ;

For my name it is *Arthur a Bradley*.

Cho. O rare *Arthur, &c.*

The old woman she fobb'd and cry'd, and  
call'd her daughter aside,

O fie ! daughter, said she, why are you so free  
with me ?

How can you be so bold,

And scarce fourteen years old ;

You are a forward slut,

And an impudent trollop to boot,

And your name it is draggie-tail *Dorothy*.

Cho. Nasty draggie-tail *Dorothy, &c.*

Why, how now old woman says he, I deserve  
as good as she,

For death my father did call, and he left me  
wherewithal ;

Buckets, barrels, looms,

A dozen of wooden spoons,

A cheese-fat and cheese-ladder

A broken wooden kedar ;

A chamber-pot as good

As ever was made of wood ;

Beside it falls to my lot,

My own sweet mustard pot ,

And my name it is *Arthur a Bradley*.

Cho. O rare *Arthur, &c.*

# SONG 31.

CLEOPATRA the gay, as old stories  
declare,

Put *Markanthony* oft to the rout fir ;



That the lover was fond and the lady was fair,  
No modern among us will doubt fir :

But yet I insist

Our times are the best,

And musty antiquity scorn fir ;

Pray tell me, could *Thais*,

Or golden-lock'd *Lais*,

Compare to our *Barbara Byrne*, fir ?

Away with restraint, let us wantonly rove,

And be what our wishes could make us ;

We'll freely pour forth a libation to love,

And recruit by the bounties of *Bacchus* :

Dull cynical fools,

By their joy-cramping rules,

Poor logical lunatics turn fir ;

They would wisdom forget,

Were they once tete-a-tete

Over claret with *Barbara Byrne*, fir.

Pedantical schoolmen have matter defin'd,

And commented on queer *Aristotle* ;

The only philosophy fit for mankind,

Is a beauty, well arm'd by a bottle :

Keep classical knowledge

Immers'd in the college,

'Midst gownmen and pedagogues stern fir ;

What's physic or statics,

Or dull mathematics,

To claret and *Barbara Byrne*, fir ?

Let Placemen receive, and let Patriots oppose,

And raise unforgiving dissensions ;

A mistress's arms is the place I would chuse,

And a bottle and friend are my pensions :

Let state tools, full of doubt,

Be



Be pull'd in or thrust out,  
 As their masters to either side turn fir ;  
 Be this maxim my plan,  
 May I stand while I can  
 To my bumper, my friend and *Bab Byrne*  
 fir.

Ye sensible socials, ye knights of the vine,  
 Who wit, women and wine can caste fir ;  
 Would you know where true humour and har-  
 mony reign,  
 With gay *Barbara Byrne* make your feast,  
 fir ;  
 Poor lovers that prize  
 Lips, legs, arms or eyes,  
 Such piece-meal pretensions I scorn fir ;  
 No limb shall be lost  
 When I mention my toast ;  
 Here's a health to the whole of *Bab Byrne*  
 fir.

## S O N G 32.

**T**HAT life is a joke *Johnny Gay* has ex-  
 prest,  
 Come on then, let us make the most of a jest ;  
 In this world's great journey all mortals are  
 jogging,  
 Where some are humbugg'd, and some others  
 humbugging.

*Sing tantararara, humbugg, humbugg,  
 Sing tantararara, humbugg.*

The Courtier puts on a political face,  
 And, ogling, familiarly leers on his grace ;  
 He



He cries, I'm your friend fir, depend on my  
word,  
But if you depend you're humbugg'd by the  
lord.

*Sing tantararara, &c.*

'Tho' the Prude wears in public the gravest de-  
meanor,  
Yet in secret she'll take all that man can put  
in her ;

Then honestly own, as her fellow she'll hugg,  
That life without——is all a humbugg.

*Sing tantararara, &c.*

When the husband will melt at his wanton  
wife's tears,

When the virgin will pity her fond lover's  
prayers ;

When the love of a whore is believ'd by her  
cully,

All three are, in justice, humbugg'd for their  
folly.

*Sing tantarara, &c.*

When pretty Miss struts in the fashion's pa-  
rade,

So prim she appears that you'd swear she's a  
maid ;

But when wed ask her spouse and he'll answer  
you, glum,

That her maidenhead——pssha !—'twas only a  
hum.

*Sing tantararara, &c.*

From mother to daughter this humbugg has  
gone,

Women



Women ever for——vote *nemine con*;  
So——and humbugg alike we may call,  
That's right says the Parson, I humbugg ye  
all.

*Sing tantarara, &c.*

Let me tell you that life is at best but a trouble,  
Each pleasure no more than a humbugg in bubble;  
But hold, I forgot what I want to be at,  
So my bumper I'll drink, there's no humbugg  
in that.

*Sing tantararara, &c.*

S O N G 33.

**T**OO plain, dear youth these tell-tale eyes;  
My heart your own declare;  
But, for heav'n's sake, let it suffice  
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost pow'r to try,  
Nor farther urge your sway;  
Press not for what I must deny,  
For fear I should obey.

But could your arts successful prove,  
Would you a maid undo,  
Whose greatest failing is her love,  
And that, her love for you?

Say, would you use that very pow'r  
You from her fondness claim,  
To ruin, in one fatal hour  
A life of spotless fame?

Resolve



[ 47 ]

Resolve not then to do an ill,  
Perhaps because you may ;  
But rather try your utmost skill  
To save me than betray.

Be you yourself my virtue's guard,  
Defend and not pursue ;  
Since 'tis a task for me too hard,  
To strive with love and you.

S O N G 34.

W<sup>ITH</sup> ev'ry lady in the land  
Soft *Strephon* kept a pother,  
One year he languish'd for one hand,  
And next year for the other.

Yet when his love the shepherd told  
To *Flavia* fair and coy,  
Reserv'd, demure, than snow more cold,  
She scorn'd the gentle boy.

Late at a Ball he own'd his pain ;  
She blush'd, and frown'd, and swore,  
With all the marks of high disdain,  
She'd never hear him more.

The Swain persisted still to pray,  
The Nymph still to deny ;  
At last she vow'd she wou'd not stay ;  
He swore she shou'd not fly.

Enrag'd, she called her footman strait,  
And rush'd from out the room,  
Drove to her lodging, lock'd the gate  
And lay with *Ralph* at home.

SONG



[ 48 J

S O N G 35.

**W**HEN first I sought fair *Calia's* love,  
And ev'ry charm was new,  
I swore by all the Gods above  
To be for ever true.

But long in vain I did adore,  
Long wept and sigh'd in vain ;  
She still protested, vow'd, and swore  
She ne'er would ease my pain.

At last, o'ercome, she made me bless'd,  
And yielded all her charms ;  
And I forsook her, when possess'd,  
And fled to others arms.

But let not this, dear *Calia*, now  
Thy breast to rage incline ;  
For why, since you forget your vow,  
Should I remember mine ?

S O N G 36.

**F**ANNY's fairer than a flower,  
But uncertain as the wind ;  
Ever trifling with a power,  
Meant alone to bless mankind.

Now with smiles her face adorning,  
She to love my heart invites ;  
But if love I offer, scorning,  
She with frowns my passion slights.

Looks



[ 49 ].

Looks that speak the tender passion,  
Words that wear the sound of love ;  
All things whisper inclination,  
Yet no signs her heart can move.

Smiling mischief, sly undoer,  
Tho' to love her looks invite ;  
If my lips I ope to woo her,  
I am banish'd from her sight.

O thou God of pleasing anguish,  
If indeed a God you be ;  
Teach the tyrant how to languish,  
Make her heart and eyes agree.

Or, if wilful she refuses  
To obey thy laws divine,  
Make the man whom first she chuses,  
Treat her heart as she does mine.

S O N G 37.

**A**S *Sylvia* in a forest lay  
To vent her woe alone ;  
Her swain *Sylvander* came that way,  
And heard her dying moan,  
Ah! is my love (she said) to you  
So worthless and so vain :  
Why is your wonted fondness now  
Converted to disdain ?

You vow'd the light shou'd darkness turn,  
E'er you'd exchange your love ;  
In shades now may creation mourn,  
Since you unfaithful prove.

Was



Was it for this I credit gave  
 To ev'ry oath you swore?  
 But ah! it seems they most deceive,  
 Who most our charms adore.

'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,  
 The practice of mankind:  
 Alas! I see it, but too late,  
 My love had made me blind.  
 For you, delighted I could die:  
 But oh! with grief I'm fill'd,  
 To think that credulous constant I  
 Shou'd by yourself be kill'd.

This said—all breathless, sick and pale,  
 Her head upon her hand,  
 She found her vital spirits fail,  
 And senses at a stand.  
*Sylvander* then began to melt;  
 But e'er the word was given,  
 The heavy hand of death she felt,  
 And sigh'd her soul to heaven.

## SONG 38.

A S from a rock past all relief,  
 The shipwreckt *Collin* spying  
 His native soil, o'ercome with grief,  
 Half sunk in waves and dying:  
 With the next morning sun he spies  
 A ship, which gives unhop'd surprise,  
 New life springs up, he lifts his eyes  
 With joy, and waits her motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,  
 I scorn'd was, and deserted,

Low



Low with despair my spirits mov'd,  
 To be for ever parted :  
 Thus droopt I, till diviner grace  
 I found in *Peggy's* mind and face :  
 Ingratitude appeared then base,  
 But virtue more engaging.

Then now since happily I've hit,  
 I'll have no more delaying ;  
 Let beauty yield to manly wit,  
 We lose ourselves in staying :  
 I'll haste dull courtship to a close,  
 Since marriage can my fears oppose :  
 Why should we happy minutes lose,  
 Since, *Peggy*, I must love thee.

Men may be foolish, if they please,  
 And deem't a lover's duty,  
 To fight, and sacrifice their ease,  
 Doating on a proud beauty :  
 Such was my case for many a year,  
 Still hope succeeding to my fear,  
 False *Betty's* charms now disappear,  
 Since *Peggy's* far outshine them.

## S O N G 39.

SEE, *Celia*, how the lovely rose,  
 Buds with the dawning light ;  
 And, as the day comes rolling on,  
 Looks doubly gay and bright !  
 But, when the night begins to spread  
 Her fable horrors round,  
 Ah ! how she fades and drooping lies,  
 Quite wither'd on the ground !



No longer then, with killing frowns,  
 Torment your constant Swain ;  
 No more, like a coy vestal, fly,  
 And waste your bloom in vain.  
 Are you still deaf? Still with disdain  
 Do you behold my sorrow ?  
 But know, tho' you are fair to-day,  
 Your charms may fade to-morrow.

## S O N G 40.

**G**Oddeſs of eaſe, leave *Lethe's* brink,  
 Obſequious to the muſe and me ;  
 For once endure the pain to think,  
 O ſweet inſenſibility !  
 Siſter of peace and indolence,  
 Bring, muſe, bring numbers ſoft and flow,  
 Elaborately void of ſenſe,  
 And ſweetly thoughtleſs let them flow.  
 And ſweetly thoughtleſs, &c.

Near to ſome cowſlip-painted mead,  
 There let me doze away dull hours;  
 And under me let *Flora* ſpread  
 A ſoſa of her ſoſteſt flowers;  
 Where, *Philomel*, your notes you breathe  
 Forth from behind the neighb'ring pine,  
 While murmurs of the ſtream beneath  
 Still flow in uniſon with thine.

For thee, O Idleneſs, the woes  
 Of life we patiently endure ;  
 Thou art the ſource whence labour flows,  
 We ſhun thee but to make thee ſure ;

For



For who would bear war's toil and waste,  
 Or who the thund'ring of the sea,  
 But to be idle at the last,  
 And find a pleasing end in thee ?

## S O N G 41.

H E.

**H**Aste, haste, *Phillis*, haste 'tis the first of  
 the may ;  
 Hark, the goldfinches sing, to the wood let's  
 away :  
 We'll pluck the pale primrose, and, start not  
 my dear,  
 I've something to whisper alone in your ear.  
 I've something to whisper, &c.

S H E.

Excuse me, fond swain ; it has often been said,  
 The wood is unsafe for a maiden to tread ;  
 And a wither'd old gipsy one day I espy'd,  
 Bid me shun the thick wood, and said something  
 beside.

H E.

'Tis all a meer fable, there's nothing to fright ;  
 There's music all day and no spectres at night ;  
 No creature but *Cupid* believe me is there ;  
 And *Cupid's* an urchin you surely can't fear.

S H E.

For all I could say, when arriv'd at the wood,  
 Who knows your designs ? You might dare to  
 be rude ;  
 So I bid you farewell, and confess I'm afraid,  
 Lest *Cupid* and you are too hard for a maid.

E 3

H E.



HE.

His dictates you wisely at once should approve ;  
For pray what is life ? 'tis a pain without love :  
Think how youth, like the rose, tho' ungather'd,  
will fade ;

Then quickly comply, lest you die an old maid.

SHE.

By language as artful poor *Daphne* was won ;  
Thus courted, she yielded, was trick'd and  
undone :

And rather than trust the fine things you have  
said,

Let my beauty decay, and I die an old maid.

HE.

Believe not I'm faithless and false as the wind,  
I'll be true as the turtle, as fond and as kind ;  
Will lead you to pleasures untasted before.

And make you a bride ; can a mortal do more ?

SHE.

Then at once I comply, for I cannot say no ;  
To-morrow to church with my shepherd I'll go,  
To the wood next, tho' *Cupid* so talk'd of be  
there,

With joy I'll away, and adieu to all fear.

SHE.

Ye nymphs to the wood never venture to go ;  
Till the priest joins your hand, you must  
answer, No, no.

HE.

Ye swains, shou'd your fair ones be deaf to you  
still,

You must wear the soft chain, then they'll go  
where you will.

S O N G



## SONG 42.

**F**OR ever, fortune wilt thou prove  
 An unrelenting foe to love ?  
 And when we meet a mutual heart,  
 Come in between and bid us part ;  
 Bid us sigh on from day to day,  
 And wish, and wish the soul away,  
 Till youth and genial years are flown  
 And all the life of life is gone ?

But busy, busy, still art thou,  
 To bind the loveless, joyless vow ;  
 The heart from pleasure to delude,  
 To join the gentle to the rude.  
 For once, O fortune, hear my pray'r,  
 And I absolve thy future care ;  
 All other blessings I resign,  
 Make but the dear *Amanda* mine.

## SONG 43.

**M**Y dear and only love, I pray  
 That little world of thee,  
 Be govern'd by no other sway,  
 But purest Monarchy :  
 For if confusion have a part,  
 Which virtuous souls abhor,  
 I'll call a synod in my heart,  
 And never love thee more.

As *Alexander* I will reign,  
 And I will reign alone ;

My



My thoughts did ever more disdain  
A rival on my throne.

He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
Who dares not put it to the touch,  
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign, and govern still,  
And always give the law,  
And have each subject at my will,  
And all to stand in awe :  
But 'gainst my batteries if I find  
Thou storm and vex me sore,  
As if thou set me for a blind,  
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,  
Where I should solely be,  
If others do pretend a part,  
Or dares to share with me :  
Or committees if thou erect,  
Or go on such a score,  
I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,  
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain  
Thy love and constant word,  
I'll make thee famous by my pen,  
And glorious by my sword.  
I'll serve thee in such noble ways,  
As ne'er was known before ;  
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,  
And love thee more and more.

S O N G



## SONG 44.

*Advice to the LADIES. Sung by Miss Stevenson.*

**F**ORGIVE ye fair, nor take it wrong,  
If ought too much I do :  
Permit me while I give my song,  
To give a lesson too,  
To give a lesson too.

Let modesty, that heav'n-born maid,  
Your words and actions grace :  
'Tis this, and only this, can add  
New lustre to your face,  
New lustre to your face.

'Tis this which paints the virgin cheeks,  
Beyond the pow'r of art,  
And ev'ry real blush bespeaks  
The goodness of the heart.  
The index of the virtuous mind,  
Your lovers will adore ;  
'Tis this will leave a charm behind,  
When bloom can please no more.

Inspir'd by this, to idle men  
With nice reserve behave ;  
And learn by distance to maintain  
The pow'r your beauty gave :  
For this, when beauty must decay,  
Your empire will protect :  
The wanton pleases for a day,  
But ne'er creates respect.

With this their silly jests reprove,  
When coxcombs dare intrude ; Not



Nor think the man is worth your love,  
 Who ventures to be rude.  
 Your charms when cheap will ever pall,  
 They sully with a touch;  
 And tho' you mean to grant not all,  
 You often grant too much.

But patient let each virtuous Fair  
 Expect the gen'rous Youth,  
 Whom heaven has doom'd her heart to share,  
 And bless'd with love and truth;  
 For him alone preserve her hand,  
 And wait the happy day,  
 When he with justice can command,  
 And she with joy obey.

## SONG 45.

**A**SK me not how calmly I  
 All the cares of life defy:  
 How I baffle human woes,  
 Woman, woman, woman knows.

You may live and laugh as I,  
 You, like me, may cares defy;  
 All the pangs the heart endures,  
 Woman, woman, woman cures.

Ask me not of empty toys,  
 Fears of arms, and drunken joys;  
 I have pleasure more divine,  
 Woman, woman, woman's mine.

Raptures, more than folly knows,  
 More than fortune e'er bestows,

Flowing



Flowing bowls and conquered fields,  
Woman, woman, woman yields.

Ask me not of woman's arts,  
Broken vows, and faithless hearts;  
Tell the wretch who pines and grieves  
Woman, woman, woman lives.

All delights the heart can know,  
More than folly can bestow,  
Wealth of worlds, and crowns of kings,  
Woman, woman, woman brings.

## SONG 46.

ASK, thou silly dotard Man,  
Whence our ruin first began,  
How our grief and deadly woe  
Did from woman, woman flow.

We might live and happy be,  
Could we shun this enemy;  
All the pangs the heart e'er knew,  
From vain woman, woman grew.

Ask what calm felicity  
Man enjoy'd, how blest was he!  
Nought could his repose invade,  
Till false woman she was made.

Soon as she received her breath,  
Man was subject unto death:  
Other evils, to their shame,  
From deceitful woman came.

Ask



Ask what ills befell old *Troy*,  
Which false *Helen* did destroy ;  
Of the tender bridegrooms too,  
Whom false woman, woman slew :

How the brave *Mark Anthony*  
Lost the world by faithless she.  
Ruin of states, lost crowns of kings,  
From vain woman, woman, springs.

## S O N G 47.

**L** OVELY goddess, sprightly May,  
Fairest daughter of the day,  
Hither come, with roses crown'd,  
Painting as you tread the ground.  
Tulips rear their glitt'ring heads,  
Pinks bestrew their fragrant beds ;  
Woodbines, spangled o'er with dew,  
Deck their arborets for you.  
Deck their arborets for you.

Hear the birds around thee sing,  
In the gardens of the spring ;  
Ev'ry bush, and ev'ry tree,  
Warbles forth its joy to thee.  
Nature's songsters all are gay  
At the lov'd approach of May ;  
All, great Queen, thy praises sing,  
Thine, great Empress of the spring.

Goddess, in thy vest of green ;  
Goddess, with thy youthful mein,  
Haste and bring thy mines of wealth,  
Gladness, and her parent health ;

Bring



Bring with thee thy chearful train,  
 Chacing care, and chacing pain.  
 See! the lovely graces, all  
 Throng, obedient to thy call.

Goddeſs, haſte, and bring with thee  
 Virtue's child, fair liberty :  
 For, if liberty's away,  
 Who can taſte the month of May ?  
 Here he comes, I hear the ſound  
 Of the merry ſongſters round :  
 Here he comes, all freſh and gay,  
 Paying homage to thee, May.

Goddeſs, who perfumeſt the air,  
 Who haſt deck'd the earth ſo fair ;  
 Thou, with gladneſs by thy ſide,  
 Still'ſt the raging of the tide ;  
 Bid'ſt the winds forbear to roar,  
 And ſtern winter ſeem no more ;  
 Meads and groves their echos ring,  
 Love, himſelf, is on the wing.

Lovely nymph, divineſt May,  
 Thou to whom this verſe I pay :  
 O! thy healing mirth impart  
 To the miſtreſs of my heart ;  
 Ev'ry day with gladneſs crown,  
 By her health preſerve my own :  
 Blooming nymph, of heavenly birth,  
 Goddeſs, thou, of health and mirth.

F S O N G



## SONG 48.

HE.

**B**E still, O ye winds, and attentive ye swains,  
'Tis *Phæbe* invites, and replies to my strains :

The sun never rose on, search all the world thro'

A shepherd so blest, or a fair one so true.

A shepherd so blest, &c.

SHE.

Glide softly ye streams, O ye nymphs round me throng,

'Tis *Collin* commands, and enlivens my song :

Search all the world over, you never can find

A maiden so blest, or a shepherd so kind,

A maiden so blest, &c.

CHORUS.

'Tis love, like the sun, that gives light to the year,

The sweetest of blessings that life can endear ;

Our pleasures it heightens, drives sorrow away,

Gives joy to the night, and enlivens the day,

Gives joy to the night, &c.

HE.

With *Phæbe* beside me, all nature looks gay,  
And winter's bleak months are as pleasant as May ;

The summer's gay verdure still springs as she treads,

And linnets and nightingales sing thro' the meads,

And linnets, &c.

SHE.



SHE.

When *Collin* is absent 'tis winter all round,  
How faint is the sunshine, how barren the  
ground !

Instead of the linnet's and nightingale's song,  
I hear the hoarse raven croak all the day long,  
I hear the hoarse raven, &c.

CHORUS. 'Tis love, &amp;c.

HE.

O'er hill, dale, and valley, my *Phæbe* and I  
Together will wander, and love shall be by :  
Her *Collin* shall guard her safe all the long day,  
And *Phæbe* at night all his pains shall repay,  
And *Phæbe*, &c.

SHE.

By moon-light, when shadows glide over the  
plain,

His kisses shall cheer me, his arms shall sustain ;  
The dark haunted groves I can trace without  
fear,

And sleep in a church-yard if *Collin* is near,  
And sleep, &c.

CHORUS. 'Tis love, &amp;c.

HE.

Ye shepherds that wanton it over the plain,  
How fleeting your transports ! how lasting  
your pain !

Inconstancy shun, and reward the fair she,  
And learn to live happy from *Phæbe* and me,  
And learn, &c.

SHE.

Ye nymphs, who the pleasures of love never  
try'd,

Attend to my strains, and take me for your  
guide ;



Your hearts keep from pride, and inconstancy  
free,  
And learn to be happy from *Collin* and me,  
And learn, &c.

CHORUS.

'Tis love, like the sun, that gives light to the  
year,  
The sweetest of blessings that life can endear;  
Our pleasures it heightens, drives sorrow away,  
Gives joy to the night, and enlivens the day,  
Gives joy to the night, and enlivens the day.

# SONG 49.

**Y**OUNG *Hobinal* (the blithest swain)  
Long time the dupe of haughty *Molly*;  
With oaten reed and rustic strain,  
Now pipes and sings the praise of *Dolly*;  
O my *Dolly*, smiling *Dolly*,  
My sweetly blooming, dearest *Dolly*;  
Ye woods, ye lawns, ye flocks, ye fawns,  
Assist me in the praise of *Dolly*.

The dimpl'd cheek, the sooty eye,  
And ruby lip belong to *Molly*;  
But virtue and simplicity,  
Alone bedeck my lovely *Dolly*.  
O my *Dolly*, &c.

As late I rov'd, (my herds astray)  
Isfy'd my love most melancholly;  
And over-heard the fair one say,  
Lo! there's the man that's made for *Dolly*.  
O my *Dolly*, &c.

We



We quickly met, and down we sat,  
 Then told our loves beneath yon holly;  
 But should I half our joys relate,  
 You'd surely envy me and Dolly.  
 O my Dolly, &c.

## S O N G 50.

**H**ARK, *Daphne*, from the hawthorn bush,  
 The spotted finches sing,  
 In artless notes the merry thrush  
 Salutes the blooming spring.  
 On verdant bed the violet lies,  
 To woo the western gale,  
 While tow'ring lillies meet our eyes  
 Like lovesick virgins, pale,  
 While tow'ring lillies, &c.

The rill that rushes o'er the shore,  
 Winds murmur'ring thro' the glade;  
 So heart-struck *Thyrsis* tells his moan,  
 To win his clay-cold maid;  
 The golden sun, in fresh array,  
 Flames forward on the sphere;  
 Around the may-pole shepherds play  
 To hail the flow'ry year.

Say, shall we taste the breezy air,  
 Or wander thro' the grove?  
 There talk of *Sylvia's* wild despair,  
 The prey of lawless love.  
 Ah! no, she cries, o'er *Sylvia's* fall  
 Exult not, though 'twas just;  
 Dash not the sinner's name with gall,  
 Nor triumph o'er her dust.



True virtue scorns to fling the dart,  
 Herself above all fear ;  
 When justice stings the guilty heart,  
 She drops the gen'rous tear :  
 Then own, ye nymphs, this godlike truth  
 Is on your hearts impressed,  
 On brightest patterns form your youth,  
 And be for ever bless'd.

## SONG 51.

SEE, *Stella*, see that crystal stream  
 Adown the valley stray :  
 Can art attempt, or fancy dream,  
 To guide its winding way ?  
 So, pleas'd, I view thy shining hair  
 In artless ringlets flow :  
 Not all thy art, not all thy care,  
 Not all thy art, not all thy care,  
 Can there one grace bestow.  
 Can there one grace bestow.

Behold, again, that verdant hill,  
 With flow'rs enamell'd o'er ;  
 Nor can the painter's utmost skill  
 Pretend to please us more.  
 In vain would'st thou, with baneful eyes,  
 Mend what thy cheeks disclose :  
 O may my fair, before she tries,  
 Improve the blooming rose.

Tho' now the linnet's tuneful throat  
 Each studied grace excel ;  
 Let art constrain his rambling note,  
 Then will it please so well ?

Oh !



Oh! ever keep thy native ease,  
 By no ill modes confin'd ;  
 For *Stella's* voice is found to please,  
 When *Stella's* words are kind.

## SONG 52.

**T**HE bird that from the lime-twigg flies,  
 With caution, shuns the school-boy's  
 tricks ;

But we, who would be thought more wise,  
 Can't shun the lime-twigs of our sex.

The female kind our hears ensnare,

'Tis grown a science to trapan ;

The study'd look, the fashion'd air,

Oh, shame ! can conquer god-like man.

To sooth the feeling social breast,

And calm the noisy world's alarms ;

To welcome rapture, peace and rest,

With beauty's soft, endearing charms ;

By native pow'r of face and mind,

To be at once both blest'd and blest ;

For this the gods the fair design'd !

And not to patch, to paint and dress.

When nature, kind, exerts her skill,

And frames a heav'nly face and mein,

How vain to contradict her will !

Ah, let the angel still be seen !

Such beauty needs no mortal aid,

But ever brightens in the good ;

Believe me, nature never made

A gay coquette or formal prude.

The



The glare of tinsel vanity,  
 The mental eye may chance approve ;  
 But sense, and heav'n-born modesty  
 Must win the soul, the seat of love :  
 The blooming maid whom these adorn,  
 With pity views her sex's folly ;  
 And radiant as the rays of morn,  
 These virtues shine in thee, O Molly !

## SONG 53.

*A Panegyric on the LADIES.*

*Being Chaucer's Recantation for The Blind eat  
 many a Fly.*

OLD Chaucer, once, to this reechoing grove,  
 Sung " of the sweet bewitching tricks  
 " of love ;"

But soon he found he'd sullied his renown,  
 And arm'd each charming hearer with a frown,  
 Then self-condemn'd anew his lyre he strung,  
 And in repentant strains this recantation sung.

## A I R.

Long since unto her native sky  
 Fled heav'n-descended Constancy ;  
 Nought now that's stable's to be had,  
 The world's grown mutable and mad ;  
 Save WOMEN——they, we must confess,  
 Are miracles of steadfastness ;  
 And every witty, pretty dame  
 Bears for her motto——*Still the same.*

The flow'rs that in the vale are seen,  
 The white, the yellow, blue and green,

In



In brief complexion idly gay  
 Still set with ev'ry setting day,  
 Dispers'd by wind, or chill'd by frost,  
 Their odours gone, their colour lost:  
 But what is true, tho' passing strange,  
 That WOMEN never—fade or change.

The wise man said, that all was vain,  
 And folly's universal reign;  
 Wisdom its vot'ries oft enthralls,  
 Riches torment, and pleasure palls;  
 And 'tis, good lack, a gen'ral rule,  
 That each man soon or late's a fool:  
 In WOMEN 'tis th'exception lies,  
 For they are wond'rous, wond'rous wise.

This earthly ball with noise abounds,  
 And from its emptiness it sounds;  
 Fame's deaf'ning din, the hum of men,  
 The lawyer's plea, the poet's pen:  
 But WOMEN here no one suspects,  
 Silence distinguishes that sex;  
 For, poor, dumb things! so meek's their mould,  
 You scarce can hear them,—when they scold.

CHORUS.

An hundred mouths, an hundred tongues,  
 An hundred pair of iron lungs,  
 Five heralds, and five thousand cryers,  
 With throats whose accent never tires,  
 Ten speaking trumpets of a size  
 Would deafness with their din surprize,  
 Your praise, sweet nymphs, shall sing and say,  
 And those that will believe it—may.

SONG



## SONG 54.

*The TRIAL of Chaucer's GHOST.*

*Sung by Mr. LOWE, Miss NORRIS and  
Miss STEPHENSON.*

*Miss NORRIS.*

**T**HOU traitor, who with the fair sex hast  
made war,  
Come hither, and hold up your hand at the bar:  
By a jury of damsels you now must be try'd,  
For having your betters traduc'd and bely'd.

*Miss STEPHENSON.*

How could'st thou such base defamation devise,  
And not have the fear of our sex in your eyes!  
Is all decency gone—all good - breeding  
forgot?  
Speak, varlet, and plead—Art thou guilty  
or not?

*Mr. LOWE.*

Not guilty I plead—but submit to the laws,  
And with pleasure I yield to these fair ones  
my cause;  
But still, that my trial more just may appear,  
Speak louder and faster, or how should I hear?

*Miss NORRIS.*

Hast thou not presum'd to alarm each bright  
toast,  
By the conjuring up of an old *English* ghost;  
And made fustty *Chaucer*, without a pretext,  
Snarl posthumus nonsense against the fair sex?

*Miss STEPHENSON.*

Hast thou not presum'd to alarm each bright  
maid  
With



With that common-place trash, that each virgin  
must fade ;  
And without fear or wit, most assuming and  
bold,  
Hast dar'd to suggest that we paint and we  
scold ?

Mr. LOWE.

For want of experience, when I was but young,  
Perhaps such *strange falsehoods* might drop from  
my tongue ;  
But when I *recanted* for all my sins past,  
I thought I had made you *amends* at the last.

Miss NORRIS.

I'll promise you, friend, you shall duly be paid  
For the ample *amends* that you lately have  
made :

I find by your shuffling the whole charge is true,  
So I bring you in guilty without more ado.

Miss STEPHENSON.

Ironical wits, like destroyers of game,  
When they hide in a bush, 'tis to take surer  
aim——

By his shuffling I find too the whole charge is  
true,

So I bring him in guilty as willing as you.

Mr. LOWE.

Convicted I stand, and submit to my fate ;  
And fain would repent, but I find it too late :  
If death then, alas ! is to be my reward,  
Why then I must die—but, by *Jove*, I'll  
die hard.

Miss STEPHENSON.

Since to lengths so unbounded his malice he  
carried,  
To hang him were kindness——

Miss



*Miss NORRIS.*

No let him be married  
To some musty old maid, that's the de'il of a  
shrew,  
That will scold,

*Miss STEPHENSON.*

And beat him,

*Miss NORRIS.*

And cuckold him too.

*Both together.*

To some musty old maid, that's the de'il of a  
shrew,  
That will scold him, and beat him, and cuckold  
him too.

## S O N G 55.

**A**TTEND ye nymphs, whilst I impart  
The secret wishes of my heart ;  
And tell what swain, if one there be,  
Whom fate designs for love and me.

Let reason o'er his thoughts preside;  
Let honour all his actions guide :  
Stedfast in virtue let him be,  
The swain design'd for love and me.

Let solid sense inform his mind,  
With pure good-nature sweetlyjoin'd,  
Sure friend to modest merit be  
The swain design'd for love and me.

Where sorrow prompts the pensive sigh ;  
Where grief bedews the drooping eye ;  
Melting



Melting in sympathy I see  
The swain design'd for love and me.

Let fordid avarice claim no part  
Within his tender generous heart;  
Oh! be that heart from falshood free,  
Devoted all to love and me.

## SONG 56.

**P**Rithee, *Billy*,  
Ben't so filly,  
Thus to waste thy time in grief;  
You say *Betty*  
Will not let ye;  
But can sorrow give relief?

Leave repining,  
Cease your whining,  
Pox on torment, grief, and woe;  
If she's tender,  
She'll surrender;  
If she's tough, e'en let her go.

## SONG 57.

**W**HEN the buds first appear, to hail in  
the year,  
And all nature looks youthful and gay,  
And all nature looks youthful and gay;  
When the birds on each bough by their mates  
sing and coo,  
And are chanting their loves on each spray.  
And are chanting their loves on each spray.



In a cottage at night may I take great delight?  
 In the fields and the meadows all day,  
 With my sweet *Florinel*, whose charms do excell  
 All the beautiful flowers in may.

When the lark, with shrill tone, sings aloft in  
 the morn,  
 Let my fairest and I then awake;  
 View the far distant hills 'mongst the sweet  
 purling rills,  
 Then arise, and our cottage forsake.

When the sun shines on high, that my charmer  
 and I  
 To some neighbouring plain may repair;  
 There sweet pleasure enjoy, and ambition defy,  
 While we breathe the fresh sweets of the air.

And, when we return to our cottage at night,  
 Hand in hand as we saunter and stray;  
 Let the moon's silver beams thro' the trees dart  
 their gleams,  
 Shew the path, and conduct us our way.

Let the nightingale's song pass the thickets  
 along,  
 As thus gently and slowly we move;  
 And let no other talk be express'd in our walk,  
 But of tender caressing and love.

At the time of sweet rest, with my charmer  
 thus bless'd,  
 E're our eyes are clos'd up in their lids,  
 Let us hug, ay and kiss, and taste of that bliss,  
 Which the sun-shine and daylight forbids.



## SONG 58.

**A** Youth adorn'd with every art,  
 To warm and win the coldest heart,  
 In secret mine possess'd :  
 The morning bud that fairest blows,  
 The vernal oak that straitest grows,  
 His face and shape express'd.

In moving sounds he told his tale,  
 Soft as the sighings of the gale  
 That wakes the flowery year :  
 What wonder he could charm with ease !  
 Whom happy nature form'd to please,  
 Whom love had made sincere.

At morn he left me—fought, and fell ;  
 The fatal evening heard his kneel,  
 And saw the tears I shed :  
 Tears that must ever, ever fall ;  
 For ah ! no sighs the past recall,  
 No cries awake the dead !

## SONG 59.

**T**HE shepherd's plain life,  
 Without guilt, without strife,  
 Can only true blessings impart.  
 As nature directs,  
 That bliss he expects  
 From health, and from quiet of heart.



Vain grandeur and power,  
 Those toys of an hour,  
 Tho' mortals are toiling to find;  
 Can titles or show  
 Contentment bestow?  
 All happiness dwells in the mind.

Behold the gay rose!  
 How lovely it grows,  
 Secure in the depth of the vale.  
 Yon oak, that on high  
 Aspires to the sky,  
 Both lightning and tempest assail.

Then let us the snare  
 Of ambition beware,  
 That source of vexation and smart:  
 And sport on the glade,  
 Or repose in the shade,  
 With health and with quiet of heart.

## SONG 60.

**Y**E woods and ye mountains unknown,  
 Beneath whose pale shadows I stray,  
 To the breast of my charmer alone  
 These sighs bid sweet echo convey.  
 Wherever he pensively leads,  
 By fountains, on hill, or in grove,  
 His heart will explain what she means,  
 Who sings both from sorrow and love.

More soft than the nightingale's song,  
 O waft the sad sound to his ear:  
 And say, tho' divided so long,  
 The friend of his bosom is near.

Then



Then tell him what years of delight,  
 Then tell him what ages of pain,  
 I felt while I liv'd in his sight!  
 I feel till I see him again!

## SONG 61.

**W**HEN *Britain* first, at heav'n's com-  
 mand,  
 Arose from out the azure main,  
 This was the charter of the land,  
 And guardian Angels sung this strain:  
*Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;*  
*Britons never will be slaves.*

The nations not so blest as thee,  
 Must in their turns to tyrants fall;  
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,  
 The dread and envy of them all.  
*Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,*  
*Britons never will be slaves.*

Should war, should faction shake thy isle,  
 And sink to poverty and shame;  
 Heav'n still shall on *Britannia* smile,  
 Restore her wealth, and raise her name:  
*Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;*  
*Britons never will be slaves.*

As the loud blast, that tears thy skies,  
 Serves but to root thy native oak;  
 Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
 From foreign, from domestic stroke.  
*Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;*  
*Britons never will be slaves.*



How blest the Prince, reserv'd by fate,  
 In adverse days to mount the throne!  
 Renew thy once triumphant state,  
 And on thy grandeur build his own!  
*Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,  
 Britons never will be slaves.*

His race shall long, in times to come,  
 So heav'n ordains, thy sceptre wield,  
 Reyer'd abroad, belov'd at home,  
 And be at once thy sword and shield.  
*Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,  
 Britons never will be slaves.*

The Muses, still of freedom fond,  
 Shall to thy happy coast repair:  
 Blest isle, with matchless beauties crown'd,  
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.  
*Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;  
 Britons never will be slaves.*

## SONG 62.

**W**HEN in unbounded glory bright,  
 The sun shines out with all his rays,  
 Pain'd with excess of pleasing light,  
 No eye can bear the mighty blaze:  
 But when surrounding clouds the stream  
 Of light contract, too great before,  
 The eye dwells on the soften'd beam,  
 Tho' less the blaze, the pleasure more,  
 Tho' less the blaze, the pleasure more.

E'er grief its fables round you drew  
 (Believe, dear fair, I do not feign)

What



What with soft pleasure now I view,  
 Has often charm'd me quite to pain.  
 How chang'd thy method, God or love!  
 To thy despisers new alarm:  
 For now whose heart secure can prove,  
 When grief and sable help to charm?

## SONG 63.

A Slave to the Fair from my childhood I've  
 been,  
 Before the soft down had appeared on my chin,  
 And 'tis from experience all matters are known,  
 I've found 'em all kind, from *Clarinda* to *Joan*:  
 I'll strive to convince you by dint of the pen,  
 That women love kissing as well as the men.

Young *Cloe* was wanton, but scruples she had,  
 I woo'd her so closely she yielded, egad!  
 And now you'll be constant? she whisper'd and  
 cry'd:

I knew what I thought, so I smiling reply'd,  
 My dear, can you doubt it? and kiss'd her again;  
 For women love kissing as well as the men.

Chaste *Celia* devoutly read lectures to me,  
 She wondred what pleasure in kissing cou'd be;  
 I press'd her to try it, and then speak her mind:  
 She made the sweet proof, and grew instantly  
 kind,

Then answer'd me softly, I'll try it again:  
 All women love kissing as well as the men.

That Women are cruel, is all a mistake,  
 For ev'ry fair female at heart is a rake:

Tis



'Tis conduct, ye lovers, the damsel secures ;  
 Stick close to her lips, she's infallibly yours ;  
 And search thro' the sex, I'll lay twenty to ten,  
 All women love kissing as well as the men.

## S O N G 64.

**B**LYTH *Jockey* young and gay,  
 Is all my heart's delight ;  
 He's all my talk by day,  
 And all my dreams by night.  
 If from the lad I be,  
 'Tis winter then with me ;  
 But when he tarries here,  
 'Tis summer all the year.

When I and *Jockey* met  
 First on the flow'ry dale,  
 Right sweetly he me tret,  
 And love was all his tale.  
 You are the lass, said he,  
 That staw my heart frae me ;  
 O ease me of my pain,  
 And never shaw disdain.

Well can my *Jockey* kyth  
 His love and courtelie,  
 He made my heart full blyth  
 When he first spake to me.  
 His suit I ill deny'd,  
 He kiss'd, and I comply'd :  
 Sae *Jockey* promis'd me,  
 That he wad faithful be.

I'm glad when *Jockey* comes,  
 Sad when he gangs away ;

'Tis



'Tis night when Jockey glooms,  
But when he smiles 'tis day.  
When our eyes meet, I pant,  
I colour, sigh and faint;  
What lass that wad be kind,  
Can better tell her mind?

SONG 65.

**T**EN years, like Troy, my stubborn heart  
Withstood th' assault of fond desire:  
But now, alas! I feel a smart;  
Poor I, like Troy, am set on fire.

With care we may a pile secure,  
And from all common sparks defend:  
But oh! who can a house secure,  
When the celestial flames descend.

Thus was I safe, 'till from your eye  
Destructive fires are brightly given;  
Ah! who can shun the warm surprize,  
When lo! the light'ning comes from heaven.

SONG 66.

**W**OU'D you taste the noon-tide air?  
To yon fragrant bow'r repair,  
Where woven with the poplar bough  
The mantling vine will shelter you.

Down each side a fountain flows,  
Tinkling, murm'ring, as it goes  
Lightly o'er the mossy ground,  
Sultry *Phabus* scorching round.

Round



Round the languid herds and sheep  
Stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks sleep,  
While on the hyacinth and rose  
The fair does all alone repose.

All alone——and in her arms  
Your breast may beat to love's alarms ;  
Till blest'd, and blessing, you shall own  
The joys of love are joys alone.

## SONG 67.

**D**EAR *Chloe* attend  
To th' advice of a friend,  
And for once be admonish'd by me :  
Before you engage  
To wed with old age  
Think how summer and winter agree,

So ancient a fruit,  
For want of a root,  
Is doom'd to a speedy decay :  
Youth might ripen your charms,  
But old age in young arms  
Is like frosty weather in *May*.

Believe me, dear maid,  
When the best cards are play'd,  
You seldom can meet with a trump ;  
And to help the jest on,  
When the sucker is gone,  
What a plague would you do with a pump ?

Let men of threescore  
Think of marriage no more ;

They



They need not be fond of that noose;  
 The cripple that begs,  
 Without any legs,  
 Can have no occasion for shoes.

A clock out of repair  
 Doth but badly declare  
 The hour of the day or the night ;  
 For unless my dear love,  
 The pendulum move,  
 'Twou'd be strange if the clock should go right.

## S O N G 68.

**I**N a small pleasant village, by nature com-  
 plet

Of a few honest shepherds the quiet retreat,  
 There liv'd a young lass of so lovely a mein,  
 As seldom at court or at balls can be seen :  
 The sweet damask rose was full blown on her  
 cheek,

The lily display'd all its white on her neck ;  
 The lads of the village all strove to assail,  
 And call'd her in raptures sweet *Nan* of the vale.

First young *Hodge* spoke his passion, till quite  
 out of breath,

Crying wounds he could hug her and kiss her  
 to death ;

And *Dick* with her beauty was so much pos-  
 selt,

That he loathed his food, and abandon'd his  
 rest :

But she cou'd find nothing in them to endear,  
 So sent them away with a fleg in their ear ;

And



And said no such boobies cou'd tell a love tale,  
Or bring to compliance sweet *Nan* of the vale.

Till young *Roger* the smartest of all the gay  
green,

Who lately to *London* on a frolick had been,  
Came home much improv'd in his air and ad-  
drefs,

And boldly attack'd her, not fearing success ;  
He said heav'n form'd such ripe lips to be  
kiss'd,

And press'd her so closely she cou'd not resist,  
And shew'd the dull clowns the right way to  
affail,

And brought to his wishes sweet *Nan* of the  
vale.

## S O N G 69.

**Y**OU tell me I'm handsome I know not  
how true,

And easy, and chatty, and good humour'd too ;  
That my lips are as red as the rose-bud in June,  
And my voice, like the nightingale's, sweetly  
in tune :

All this has been told me by twenty before,  
But he that would win me, must flatter me more.  
But he that would win me, &c.

If beauty from virtue receive no supply,  
Nor prattle from prudence, how wanting am I !  
My ease and good humour short raptures will  
bring,

And my voice, like the nightingale's, know  
but a spring

For



For charms, such as these, then your praises  
 give o'er;  
 To love me for life, you must yet love me more.  
 To love me for life, &c.

Then talk to me not of a shape or an air,  
 For *Cloe*, the wanton, can rival me there:  
 'Tis virtue, alone, that makes beauty look gay,  
 And brightens good humour as sunshine the  
 day:  
 For that if you love me, your flame shall be  
 true,  
 And I, in my turn, may be taught to love too,  
 And I, in my turn, &c.

## SONG 70.

**B**EHOLD the sweet flowers around,  
 And all the gay beauties they wear,  
 Yet none on the plain can be found  
 So lovely as *Celia* is fair.  
 So lovely, &c.  
 Ye warblers come raise your sweet throats,  
 No longer in silence remain,  
 No longer, &c.  
 O! lend a fond lover your notes  
 To soften my *Celia*'s disdain.  
 To soften, &c.

Oft times in yon flow'ry vale,  
 I breathe my complaints in a song;  
 Fair *Flora* attends the soft tale,  
 And sweetens the borders along:  
 And sweetens, &c.

But



But *Celia*, whose breath might perfume  
 The bosom of *Flora* in May,  
 The bosom, &c.  
 Still frowning, pronounces my doom,  
 Regardless of all I can say.  
 Regardless, &c.

## SONG 71.

**B**ENEATH a beech's grateful shade,  
 Young *Collin* lay complaining;  
 He sigh'd, and seem'd to love a maid,  
 Without hopes of obtaining :  
 For thus the swain indulg'd his grief,  
 Tho' pity cannot move thee,  
 Tho' thy hard heart gives no relief,  
 Yet, *Peggy*, I must love thee.

Say, *Peggy*, what has *Collin* done,  
 That thus you cruelly use him ?  
 If love's a fault, 'tis that alone,  
 For which you should excuse him.  
 'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this flame,  
 This fire by which I languish ;  
 'Tis thou alone can quench the flame,  
 And cool its scorching anguish.

For thee I leave the sportive plain,  
 Where ev'ry maid invites me ;  
 For thee, sole cause of all my pain,  
 For thee that only lights me :  
 This love that fires my faithful heart,  
 By all but thee's commended :  
 Oh ! would thou act so good a part,  
 My grief might soon be ended.

That



That beauteous breast, so soft to feel,  
 Seem'd tenderness all over,  
 Yet it defends thy heart like steel,  
 'Gainst thy despairing lover.  
 Alas! tho' it should ne'er relent,  
 Nor *Collin's* care e'er move thee,  
 Yet till life's latest breath is spent,  
 My *Peggy*, I must love thee.

## SONG 72.

**A**T *Polwart* on the green  
 If you'll meet me the morn,  
 Where lasses do convene  
 To dance about the thorn.  
 A kindly welcome you shall meet  
 Frae her who likes to view  
 A lover and a lad compleat,  
 The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames say Na  
 As lang as e'er they please,  
 Seem caulder than the sna'  
 While inwardly they bleez;  
 But I will frankly shaw my mind,  
 And yield my heart to thee;  
 Be ever to the captive kind,  
 That langs na to be free.

At *Polwart* on the green,  
 Among the new mawn hay,  
 With sangs and dancing keen  
 We'll pass the heartsome day.

H a

At



At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,  
 And thou be twin'd of thine,  
 Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,  
 To take a part of mine.

## SONG 73.

**F**ROM sweet bewitching tricks of love  
 Young men your hearts secure,  
 Lest from the paths of sense you rove  
 In dotage premature :  
 Look at each lass  
 Thro' wisdom's glass,  
 Nor trust the naked eye :  
 Gallants beware,  
 Look sharp, take care !  
 The blind eat many a fly.

Not only on their hands and necks  
 The borrow'd white you'll find ;  
 Some belles, when interest directs,  
 Can even paint the mind :  
 Joy in distress  
 They can express ;  
 Their very tears can lye :  
 Gallants beware,  
 Look sharp, take care !  
 The blind eat many a fly.

There's not a spinster in the realm  
 But all mankind can cheat,  
 Down to the cottage from the helm,  
 The learn'd, the brave and great.  
 With lovely looks,  
 And golden hooks,

T'entangle



T'entangle us they try :  
 Gallants beware,  
 Look sharp, take care !  
 The blind eat many a fly.

Could we with ink the ocean fill,  
 Was earth of parchment made,  
 Was ev'ry single stick a quill,  
 Each man a scribe by trade ;  
 To write the tricks  
 Of half the sex,  
 Would suck the ocean dry :  
 Gallants beware,  
 Look sharp, take care !  
 The blind eat many a fly.

## SONG 74.

**Y**E Fair, from man's insidious love  
 Your tender hearts defend,  
 Lest the mistaken blifs ye prove,  
 But sorrow in the end :  
 Thro' sorrow scan,  
 Each artful man,  
 Nor trust your ear or eye :  
 Young maids beware,  
 Men fish ensnare  
 With artificial fly.

With looks as fair as summer flow'rs,  
 Soft words, like honey sweet,  
 And tears, that fall in gentle show'rs,  
 Your pity they'll intreat ;  
 Meer common arts,  
 To catch your hearts,



Each foible to defery :  
 Young maids beware,  
 Men fish ensnare  
 With artificial fly.

The honest clown, that plows the land,  
 In love is all a cheat ;  
 And monarchs, born to high command,  
 Well know the dear deceit ;  
 In love's fly tricks  
 And politics  
 A promise is a lye :  
 Young maids beware,  
 Men fish ensnare  
 With artificial fly.

Were clods of earth all animate,  
 Each blade of grass a tongue,  
 'Twould waste their moisture to relate  
 The mischiefs men have done :  
 Then guard your hearts  
 From *Cupid's* darts,  
 And all the sex defy :  
 Young maids beware,  
 Men fish ensnare  
 With artificial fly.

## S O N G 75.

**A**S t'other Day o'er the green meadow I  
 pass'd,  
 A Swain overtook me, and held my hand fast ;  
 Then cry'd my dear *Lucy*, thou cause of my  
 care,  
 How long must thy faithful young *Thyrfis*  
 despair ? To



To crown my soft wishes no longer be shy :  
But frowning I answer'd, Oh ! fie shepherd fie !

He told me his passion like time shou'd endure ;

That beauty, which kindled his flame, wou'd secure :

That all my sweet charms were for pleasure design'd,

And youth was the season to love and be kind :

Lord ! what cou'd I say ? I cou'd hardly deny ;

But faintly I utter'd Oh ! fie Shepherd fie.

He swore, with a kiss, that he would not refrain ;

I told him 'twas rude, but he kiss'd me again ;

My conduct, ye fair ones, in question ne'er call,

Nor think I did wrong ; I did nothing at all :

Resolv'd to resist, yet inclin'd to comply ;

Now guess if I still said, Oh ! fie shepherd fie.

## SONG 76.

**H**APPY 's the love which meets return,

When in soft flames souls equal burn :

But words are wanting to discover

The torments of a hopeless lover.

Ye registers of heav'n, relate,

If looking o'er the rolls of fate,

Did you there see me mark'd to marrow

Mary Scot, the flower of Farrow ?

Ah no ! her form's too heavenly fair,

Her love the gods above must share ;

While



While mortals with despair explore her,  
 And at a distance due adore her.  
 O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,  
 Revive and bless me with a smile :  
 Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a  
 Sighing swain the banks of *Tarrow*.

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,  
 My *Mary*'s tender as she's fair ;  
 Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,  
 She is too good to let me languish :  
 With success crown'd, I'll not envy  
 The folks who dwell above the sky ;  
 When *Mary* *Scor*'s become my marrow,  
 We'll make a paradise on *Tarrow*.

## S O N G 77.

**N**EAR the side of a pond, at the foot of  
 a hill,  
 A free hearted fellow attends on his mill :  
 Fresh health blooms her strong, rosy hue o'er  
 his face,  
 And honesty gives e'en to awkwardness grace.  
 Beslower'd with his meal does he labour and  
 sing,  
 And regaling at night he's as blest as a king ;  
 After heartily eating, he takes a full swill  
 Of liquor home-brew'd, to success of his mill.

He makes no nice scruple of toll for his trade,  
 For that's an excise to his industry paid :  
 His conscience is free, and his income is clear,  
 And he values not them of ten thousand a year:  
 He's



He's a freehold, sufficient to give him a vote  
 At elections, he scorns to accept of a groat :  
 He hates your proud placemen, and do what  
     they will,  
 They ne'er can seduce the staunch man of the  
     mill.

On Sunday he talks with the barber and priest,  
 And hopes that our statesmen do all for the best ;  
 That the *Spaniards* shall ne'er interrupt our  
     free trade,  
 Nor good british coin be in subsidies paid :  
 He fears the *French* navy and commerce increase,  
 And he wishes poor *Germany* still may have  
     peace ;  
 Tho' old *England* he knows may have strength  
     and have skill  
 To protect all her manors, and save his own  
     mill,

With this honest hope he goes home to his  
     work ;  
 And if water is scanty he takes up his fork,  
 And over the meadows he scatters his hay,  
 Or, with the stiff plough turns up furrows of  
     clay ;  
 His harvest is crown'd with a good *English*  
     glee,  
 That his country may ever be happy and free :  
 With his hand and his heart to king *George*  
     does he fill,  
 And may all loyal souls act the man of the  
     mill.

SONG



## SONG 78.

**T**HERE lived a man in *Baleño*, crazy,  
 Who wanted a wife to make him uneasy;  
 Long had he sigh'd for the dear *Ally Croaker*,  
 And thus the gentle youth bespoke her;  
 Will you marry me dear *Ally Croaker*.  
 Will you marry me dear *Ally, Ally Croaker*.

This artless young man, just come from the  
 schoolery,  
 A novice in love and all its foolery,  
 Too dull for a wit, too grave for a joaker,  
 And thus the gentle youth bespoke her;  
 Will you marry me, dear *Ally Croaker*.  
 Will you marry me, dear *Ally, Ally Croaker*.

He drank with the father, he talk'd with the  
 mother;  
 He rompt with the sister, he gam'd with the  
 brother;  
 He gam'd till he pawn'd his coat to the broker,  
 Which lost him the heart of his dear *Ally  
 Croaker*.  
 Oh! the fickle, fickle *Ally Croaker*.  
 Oh! the fickle *Ally, Ally Croaker*.

To all ye young men who are fond of gaming,  
 Who are spending your money whilst others  
 are saving,  
 Fortune's a jilt, the De'el may choak her,  
 A jilt more inconstant than dear *Ally Croaker*;  
 Oh! the inconstant *Ally Croaker*,  
 Oh! the inconstant *Ally, Ally Croaker*.

SONG



## SONG 79.

THE night her silent sable wore,  
 And gloomy were the skies ;  
 Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more  
 Than those in *Nelly's* eyes.  
 When at her father's yate I knock'd,  
 Where I had often been,  
 She shrouded only with her smock,  
 Arose and loot me in.

Fast lock'd within her close embrace,  
 She trembling stood asham'd ;  
 Her swelling breast and glowing face  
 And ev'ry touch inflam'd.  
 My eager passion I obey'd,  
 Resolv'd the fort to win ;  
 And her fond heart was soon betray'd  
 To yield and let me in.

Then, then, beyond expressing,  
 Transporting was the joy ;  
 I knew no greater blessing,  
 So blest a man was I.  
 And she, all ravisht with delight,  
 Bid me oft come again ;  
 And kindly vow'd that ev'ry night  
 She'd rise and let me in.

But ah ! at last she prov'd with bairn,  
 And sighing sat and dull,  
 And I that was as much concern'd,  
 Look'd e'en just like a fool.  
 Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,  
 Repenting her rash sin :                    She



She sigh'd, and curs'd the fatal hour  
That e'er she loot me in.

But who cou'd cruelly deceive,  
Or from such beauty part :  
I lov'd her so, I could not leave.  
The charmer of my heart :  
But wedded, and conceal'd our crime:  
Thus all was well again,  
And now she thanks the happy time  
That e'er she loot me in.

## S O N G 80.

**M**Y *Patie* is a lover gay,  
His mind is never muddy,  
His breath is sweeter than new hay,  
His face is fair and ruddy.  
His shape is handsome, middle size ;  
He's stately in his wawking ;  
The shining of his een surprise ;  
'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a baw,  
Where yellow corn was growing,  
There mony a kindly word he spake,  
That set my heart a glowing.  
He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,  
And lood me best of ony ;  
That gars me like to sing finfyne,  
*O corn rigs are bonny.*

Let maidens of a silly mind  
Refuse what maist they're wanting,  
Since we for yielding are design'd  
We chastly should be granting ;

Then



Then I'll comply and marry *Pate*,  
 And fine my cockernony,  
 He's free to touzle air or late,  
 Where corn rigs are bonny.

## SONG 81.

**T**HE sun was sunk beneath the hill,  
 The western cloud was lin'd with gold;  
 Clear was the sky, the wind was still,  
 The flocks were pen'd within the fold;  
 When in the silence of the grove,  
 Poor *Damon* thus despair'd of love.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose,  
 From the hard rock or oozy beech;  
 Who from each weed that barren grows,  
 Expects the grape or downy peach,  
 With equal faith may hope to find  
 The truth of love in womankind.

No flocks have I, or fleecy care,  
 No fields that wave with golden grain,  
 No pastures green, or gardens fair,  
 A woman's venal heart to gain.  
 Then all in vain my sighs must prove,  
 Whose whole estate, alas! is love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,  
 Since women's hearts are bought and sold;  
 They ask no vows of sacred truth;  
 Whene'er they sigh, they sigh to gold.  
 Gold can the frowns of scorn remove —  
 Thus I am scorn'd—who have but love.



To buy the gems of *India's* coast,  
 What wealth, what riches would suffice ?  
 Yet *India's* shore should never boast,  
 The lustre of thy rival eyes :  
 For there the world too cheap must prove ;  
 Can I then buy—who have but love ?

Then, *Mary*, since nor gems nor ore  
 Can with thy brighter self compare,  
 Be just, as fair, and value more,  
 Than gems or ore, a heart sincere :  
 Let treasure meaner beauties prove ;  
 Who pays thy worth, must pay in love.

## SONG 82.

COME, fill me a bumper, my jolly brave  
 boys,  
 Let's have no more female impert'nence and  
 noise ;  
 For I've try'd the endearments and pleasures of  
 love,  
 And I find they're but nonsense and whim-  
 sies, by *Jove*.

When first of all *Betty* and I were acquaint,  
 I whin'd like a fool, and she sigh'd like a saint :  
 But I found her *religion*, her *face*, and her *love*,  
 Were *hypocrisy*, *paint*, and *self-interest*, by *Jove*.

Sweet *Cecil* came next with her languishing air,  
 Her *outside* was orderly, modest and fair ;  
 But her *soul* was *sophisticate*, so was her *love*,  
 For I found she was only a *strumpet*, by *Jove*.

*Little*



*Little double-gilt Jenny's gold charm'd me at last:*

(You know *marriage and money together* does best.)

But the *baggage* forgetting her vows and her love,

Gave her gold to a *sniv'ling dull toxcorn*, by *Jove*.

Come fill me a bumper then, jolly brave boys;  
Here's a farewell to female impert'nence and noise:

I know few of the sex that are worthy my love;

And for *strumpets and jilts*, I abhor them, by *Jove*.

## SONG 83.

**M**Y sweetest *May*, let love incline thee,  
T' accept a heart which he designs thee;  
And, as your constant slave, regard it,  
Synce for its faithfulness reward it.  
'Tis proof a shot to birth or money,  
But yields to what is sweet and bonny;  
Receive it then with a kiss and a smile,  
There's my thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting sweet these lips of thine are,  
Thy bosom white, and legs so fine are,  
That when in pools I see thee clean 'em;  
They carry away my heart between 'em.  
I wish, and I wish, while it gaes duntin,  
O gin I had thee on a mountain,

Tho'



Tho' kith and kin and a' shou'd revile thee,  
There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane thro' flow'ry hows I dander,  
Tenting my flocks lest they shou'd wander,  
Gin thou'll gae along, I'll dawt thee gaylie,  
And gi'e my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.  
O my dear lassie, it is but daffin,  
To had thy wooer up ay niff nassin.  
That na, na, na, I hate it most vilely,  
O say, yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

## SONG 84.

**T**Ransported with pleasure,  
I gaze on my treasure,  
And ravish my sight :  
While she gayly smiling,  
My Anguish beguiling,  
Augments my delight.

How blest is a lover,  
Whose torments are over,  
His fears and his pain ;  
When beauty relenting,  
Repays with consenting,  
Her scorn and disdain.

## SONG 85.

**T**EACH me, Cloe, how to prove  
My boasted flame sincere :  
'Tis hard to tell how dear I love,  
And hard to hide my care.

Sleep



Sleep in vain displays her charms,  
 To bribe my soul to rest,  
 Vainly spreads her silken arms,  
 And courts me to her breast.

Where can *Strephon* find repose,  
 If *Cloe* is not there?

For ah! no peace his bosom knows,  
 When absent from the fair.

What tho' *Phœbus* from on high

Withholds his chearful ray,

Thine eyes can well his light supply,

And give me more than day.

## SONG 86.

**W**HAT means this niceness now of late,  
 Since time that truth does prove?

Such distance may consist with state,

But never will with love.

'Tis either cunning or disdain

That does such ways allow;

The first is base, the last is vain:

May neither happen you.

For if it be to draw me on,

You over act your part;

And if it be to have me gone,

You need not half that art:

For if you chance a look to cast,

That seems to be a frown,

I'll give you all the love that's past,

The rest shall be my own.



## SONG 87.

**G**AFFER and gammer were fast in their  
nest,  
And all the young fry of their cribs were pos-  
selt;  
Spot, Whitefoot and Puss in the ashes were  
laid,  
And a blinking rush candle just over their  
head.

Ursla was scouring her dishes and platter,  
Preparing to make her good friend the hog  
fatter;  
Greas'd up to the elbow, as much to the eye,  
Till her embroider'd cloaths were e'en ready  
to fry.

Roger the plowman i'th' chimney lay snooring,  
Till Cupid, sore vext at his clownish adoring,  
Did straitway convey to the great logger-head,  
The whispering muse, that they all were a-brad.

Up started Roger, and rubbing his eyes,  
Strait to his dear Ursla in passion he hies;  
Then leaning his elbow on Ursla's broad back,  
Complain'd that his heart was e'en ready to  
crack.

Ursla b'ing vext at the weight of her love,  
Cry'd, Cupid, why dost thou thus treacherous  
prove?  
In an angry mood then she turn'd her about,  
And the dish-clout lapt over the face of the  
Lout. Roger



Roger being angry at such an affront,  
And not at all minding of what might come  
on't ;

He gave her a kick with such wonderous  
mettle,

As tumbl'd poor Ursula quite over the kettle.

This noise and rumbling set Gaffer awaking,  
And fearing lest thieves had been stealing his  
beakon ;

With a pur down the stairs in a trice he came  
stumbling,

Where he found Roger gaping, while Ursula  
lay tumbling.

Pox take you, quoth he, for a rogue and a  
whore ;

So turn'd the poor lovers quite out of the door ;  
Nor minding the rain, nor the cold windy  
weather,

To finish their loves in a hogstye together.

## SONG 88.

**Y**E Nymphs and Sylvan Gods,

That love green fields and woods,

When spring newly both

Herself does adorn

With flow'rs and blooming buds ;

Come sing in the praise,

Whilst flocks do graze

In yonder pleasant vale,

Of those that chase,

Their sleep to lose,

And



And in cold dews,  
With clouted shoes,  
Do carry the milking-pail.

The Goddess of the morn  
With blushes they adorn,  
And take the fresh air,

Whilst linnets prepare  
A concert on each green thorn;  
The blackbird and thrush  
On every bush,

And the charming nightingale,  
In merry vein  
Their throats do strain,  
To entertain  
The jolly train  
That carry the milking-pail.

When cold bleak winds do roar,  
And flow'rs can spring no more,  
The fields that were seen  
So pleasant and green,

By winter are candy'd o'er;  
Oh! how the town lass  
Looks with her white face,

And her lips of deadly pale!  
But it's not so  
With those that go

Thro' frost and snow,  
With cheeks that glow,  
To carry the milking-pail.

The miss of comely mould,  
Adorn'd with pearl and gold,  
With washes and paint

Her skin does taint,  
She's wither'd before she's old:

Whilst



Whilst she, in commode,  
 Puts on a cart-load,  
 And with cushions plumps her tail;  
 What joys are found  
 In ruffet gown,  
 Young, plump and sound,  
 And sweet and sound,  
 To carry the milking-pail !

The girls of *Venus*' game,  
 That venture life and fame  
 In practising seats,  
 With cold and with heats,  
 Make lovers grow blind and lame ;  
 If men were so wise  
 To value the price  
 Of the wares most fit for sale,  
 What store of beaux  
 Wou'd dawb their cloaths,  
 To save a nose,  
 By following those  
 That carry the milking-pail !

The country lad is free  
 From fears and jealousy,  
 When on the green  
 He's often seen  
 With his lass upon his knee ;  
 With kisses most sweet  
 He does her greet,  
 And swears she'll ne'er grow stale ;  
 Whilst the *London* lass  
 In every place  
 With her brazen face,  
 Despises the grace  
 Of those with the milking-pail.

SONG



SONG 89.

**M**istaken fair, lay *Sherlock* by,  
His doctrine is deceiving ;  
For while he teaches us to die,  
He cheats us of our living.

To die's a lesson we shall know  
Too soon, without a master ;  
Then let us only study now,  
How we may live the faster.

To live's to love, to blefs, be blest  
With mutual inclination ;  
Share then my ardour in your breast,  
And kindly meet my passion.

But if thus blest'd I may not live,  
And pity you deny,  
To me, at least, your *Sherlock* give,  
'Tis I must learn to die.

SONG 90.

**O**F all my experience how vast the amount,  
Since fifteen long winters I fairly can  
count !  
Was ever poor damsel so sadly betray'd,  
For to live to these years, and yet still be a  
maid !

Ye heroes, triumphant by land and by sea,  
Sworn vot'ries to love, yet unmindful of me ;

You



You can storm a strong fort, or can form a  
blockade,  
Yet ye stand by, like dastards, and see me a  
maid!

Ye Lawyers so just, who with slippery tongue  
Can do what you please, or with right or with  
wrong,  
Can it be or by law or by equity said,  
That a buxom young girl ought to die an old  
maid?

Ye learned Physicians, whose excellent skill  
Can save or demolish, can cure or can kill,  
To a poor forlorn damsel contribute your aid,  
Who is sick—very sick—of remaining a  
maid.

You, Fops, I invoke not to list to my song,  
Who answer no end, and to no sex belong;  
Ye echo of echos, and shadows of shade—  
For if I had you—I might still be a maid.

# SONG 91.

SOME sing *Molly Mog* of the *Rose*,  
And call her the *Oakingham* pelle;  
While others do verses compose  
On peautiful *Molly Lapelle*.

But of all the young firsins so fair,  
Which *Pritain's* great monarchy owns,  
In peauty there's none can compare  
With hur charming dear *Gwinifrid Shones*.  
Unenvit



Unenviet the splendit contition  
Of princes that sit upon thrones,  
The highest of all hur ambition  
Is the lose of fair *Gwinisfrid Shones*

Proud mortals the clobe will search ofer  
For cold and for tiamont stones,  
Put hur can more treasure tilcover  
In peautiful *Gwinisfrid Shones*.

From the piggest great mountain in *Pyritain*  
Hur would fenture the preaking hur pones,  
So that the soft lap hur might sit on  
Of peautiful *Gwinisfrid Shones*.

Not the nightingale's pitiful note  
Can exprefs how poor *Shenkin pemoans*  
His fate, when in places remote  
Hur is apsent from *Gwinisfrid Shones*.

Her lose is than honey far sweeter,  
And hur is no *Shenkin ap Drones*;  
Hur wou'd lapour in prose ant in metre  
To praise hur tear *Gwin. Shones*.

As the harp of St. *Tavis* surpasses  
The pagpipe's poor twetles ant crones,  
So *Lapelle, Molly Mogg*, and all lasses,  
Are excelled by *Gwinisfrid Shones*.

# SONG 92.

W Herever I'm going, and all the day  
long,  
Abroad or at home, or alone in the throng,



I find that my passion's so lively and strong,  
That your name, when I'm silent, runs still in  
my song.

*Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora, Ba-  
linamone Ora,*

*A kiss of your sweet lips for me.*

Since the first time I saw you, I take no repose,  
I sleep all the day to forget half my woes;  
So hot is the flame in my bosom which glows,  
By St. Patrick I fear it will burn thro' my  
cloaths

*Sing Balinamone, &c.*

*Your pretty black hair for me.*

In my conscience I fear I shall die in my grave,  
Unless you comply, and poor Phelin will shave,  
And grant the petition your lover does crave,  
Who never was free 'till you made him your  
slave.

*Sing Balinamone, &c.*

*Your pretty black eyes for me,*

On that happy day, when I make you my bride,  
With a swinging long sword how I'll strut and  
I'll stride!

In a coach and six horses with honey I'll ride,  
As before you I walk to the church by your side.

*Sing Balinamone, &c.*

*Your little white fist for me.*

## SONG 93.

**S**ICK of the town at once I flew  
To contemplation's rural seat;  
Adieu, said I, vain world adieu!  
Fools only study to be great:



The book, the lamp, the hermit's cell,  
 The moss-grown roof and matted floor;  
 All these I had—'twas mighty well,  
 But yet I wanted something more.

Back to the busy world again  
 I soon return'd, in hopes to find  
 Ease for imaginary pain,  
 Quiet of heart and peace of mind:  
 Gay scenes of grandeur every hour  
 By turns my fickle fancy fill;  
 The world seem'd all within my pow'r,  
 But yet I wanted something still.

Cities and groves by turns were try'd,  
 'Twas all, ye fair, an idle tale;  
*Celia* at length became a bride,  
 A bride to *Damon* of the vale:  
 All nature smil'd, the gloom was cheer'd,  
*Damon* was kind, I can't tell how,  
 Each place a paradise appear'd,  
 And *Celia* wanted nothing now.

## S O N G 94.

O H! pity all a maiden,  
 Condemn'd hard fates to prove!  
 I rather would have laid-in,  
 Than thus have dy'd for love!

'Twas hard t'encounter death-a  
 Before the bridal bed:  
 Ah! wou'd I had kept my breath-a,  
 And lost my maidenhead!



[ III ]

SONG 95.

FROM all her fair loquacious kind  
So different is my *Rosalind*,  
That not one decent can I gain;  
To crown my hopes; or sooth my pains.

Ye lovers, who can construe sighs,  
And are th'interpreters of eyes;  
To language all her looks translate,  
And in her gestures read my fate.

And if in them you chance to find  
Ought that is gentle, ought that's kind;  
Adieu mean hopes of being great;  
And all the littleness of state.

All thoughts of grandeur I'll despise;  
That from dependance take their rise;  
To serve her shall be my employ;  
And love's sweet agony my joy.

SONG 96.

WHAT beauteous scenes enchant my  
sight!  
How closely yonder vine  
Does round that elm's supporting height  
Her wanton ringlets twine  
That elm, no more a barren shade,  
Is with her clusters crown'd;  
And that fair vine, without its aid,  
Had crept along the ground.

K 2

Let



Let this, my fair one, move thy heart,  
 Connubial joys to prove ;  
 But mark what age and care impart ;  
 Nor thoughtless rush on love.  
 Know thy own bliss, and joy to hear  
*Vertumnus* loves thy charms,  
 The youthful God that rules the year  
 And keeps the groves from harms.

While some with short-liv'd passion glow,  
 His love remains the same ;  
 On him alone thy heart bestow,  
 And crown his constant flame :  
 So shall no frost's untimely pow'r  
 Deform the blooming spring :  
 So shall thy trees, from blasts secure,  
 Their wonted tribute bring.

## SONG 97.

**O**F an ailment so killingly sweet I could die ;  
 For your sight it so charms me,  
 Chills, changes and warms me,  
 That I wish, and I wish, nor know wherefore,  
 nor why,  
 And my soul I could waft away in a sigh.

When absent, nor rest, nor refreshment I find ;  
 Tho' alone you can cheer me,  
 I tremble when near me,  
 My senses grow all as bewitch'd as my mind,  
 And my eyes on your eyes they could look  
 themselves blind.



[ 113 ]

SONG 98.

**T**ELL me, *Dorinda*, why so gay  
 With such embroid'ry, fringe, and lace?  
 Can gaudy dresses find a way  
 To stop th' approaches of decay,  
 And mend a ruin'd face?  
 Wilt thou still sparkle in the box,  
 And ogle in the ring?  
 Canst thou forget thy age and pok?  
 Can all that shines on shells and rocks  
 Make thee a fine young thing?  
 So have I seen in tatter'd dash,  
 Of veal a lucid loin,  
 Replete with many a brilliant spark,  
 As wise philosophers remark,  
 At once both stink and shine.

SONG 99.

**A**T dead of night, when wrapt in sleep  
 The peaceful cottage lay,  
*Pastora* left her folded sheep,  
 Her garland, crook, and useless scrip,  
 Love led the nymph astray.  
 Loose, and undress'd, she takes her flight  
 To a near myrtle shade:  
 The conscious moon gets all her light,  
 To bless the ravi'sh'd lover's sight,  
 And guide the charming maid.



[ 114 ]

His eager arms the nymph embrace,  
And to assuage his pain,  
His restless passion he obeys :  
At such an hour, in such a place,  
What lover cou'd contain?

In vain she call'd the conscious moon,  
The moon no succour gave ;  
The cruel stars unmov'd look'd on,  
And seem'd to smile at what was done,  
Nor would her honour save.

Vanquish'd at last by pow'ful love  
The nymph expiring lay ;  
No more she sigh'd, no more she strove,  
Since no kind stars were found above,  
She blush'd and dy'd away :

Yet prais'd the grove, her secret flight,  
And youth that did betray ;  
And panting, dying with delight,  
She bless'd the kind transporting night,  
And curs'd approaching day.

S O N G 100.

**P**Rithee send me back my heart,  
Since I cannot have thine ;  
For if from yours you will not part,  
Why then should you keep mine ?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,  
To send it me were vain ;  
For thou'st a thief in either eye  
Will steal it back again.

S O N G



## SONG 101.

**G**A Y *Florinel* of noble birth,  
 The most engaging fair on earth  
 To please a blythe gallant,  
 Has much of wit, and much of worth,  
 And much of tongue to set it forth,  
 But then she has an aunt.

How oft, alas ! in vain I've try'd  
 To tempt her from her guardian's side,  
 And trap her on love's hook !  
 She's like a little wanton lamb,  
 That frisks about the careful dam,  
 And shuns the shepherd's crook.

Like wretched *Dives* I am plac'd,  
 To see the joys I cannot taste,  
 Of all my hopes bereav'n ;  
 Her aunt's the dismal gulph betwixt,  
 By all the pow'rs of malice fixt,  
 To cheat me of my heav'n.

## SONG 102.

**T**HIS is not mine ain house,  
 I ken by the rigging o't ;  
 Since with my Love I've changed vows,  
 I dinna like the bigging o't,  
 For now that I'm young *Robie's* bride,  
 And mistris of his fire-side,  
 Mine ain house I'll like to guide,  
 And please me with the trigging o't.

Then



Then farewell to my father's house,

I gang where love invites me ;

The strictest duty this allows,

When love with honour meets me ;

When *Hymen* moulds us into ane,

My *Robie's* nearer than my kin,

And to refuse him were a sin,

Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I'm in mine ain house,

True love shall be at hand ay,

To make me still a prudent spouse,

And let my man command ay,

Avoiding ilka cause of strife,

The common pest of married life

That makes ane wearied of his wife,

And breaks the kindly band ay.

# S O N G 103.

**W**HEN *Della* on the plain appears,

Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,

I wou'd approach, but dare not move ;

Tell me, my heart, if this is love.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear

No other voice but hers can bear,

No other's wit but hers approve ;

Tell me, my heart, if this is love.

If she some other swain commend,

Tho' I was once his fondest friend,

That instant enemy I prove ;

Tell me, my heart, if this is love.

When



When she is absent, I no more  
 Delight in all that pleas'd before,  
 The clearest spring or shady grove;  
 Tell me, my heart, if this is love.

When arm'd with insolent disdain  
 She seem'd to triumph o'er my pain,  
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove;  
 Tell me, my heart, if this is love.

## S O N G 104.

**H**AD *Neptune*, when first he took charge  
 of the sea,  
 Been as wise, or at least been as merry as we,  
 He'd have thought better on't, and, instead of  
 his brine,  
 Wou'd have fill'd the vast ocean with generous  
 wine.

What traffic then would have been on the main,  
 For the sake of good liquor, as well as for gain!  
 No fear then of tempest, or danger of sinking;  
 The fishes ne'er drown that are always a drinking

The hot thirsty sun then would drive with  
 more haste,  
 Secure in the ev'ning of such a repast;  
 And when he'd got tipsy would have taken  
 his nap  
 With double the pleasure in *Thetis's* lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with  
 wine,  
 Consider how gloriously *Phæbus* would shine;  
 What



What vast exhalations he'd draw up on high,  
To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply.

Hew happy us mortals, when blest with such  
rain,

To fill all our vessels, and fill them again!  
Nay, even the beggar that has ne'er a dish  
Might jump in the river, and drink like a fish.

What mirth and contentment in every brow,  
*Hob*, as great as a prince, dancing after the  
plow!

The birds in the air, as they play on the wing,  
Altho' they but sip, would eternally sing.

The stars, who I think don't to drinking  
incline,

Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the  
wine;

And, merrily twinkling, would soon let us know  
That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had this been the case, what had we then  
enjoy'd,

Our spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd!

A pox then on *Neptune*, when 'twas in his  
power,

To slip, like a fool, such a fortunate hour.

## S O N G 105.

**A** H! *Cloris*, cou'd I now but sit  
As unconcern'd, as when  
Your infant beauty could beget  
No happiness nor pain.

When



When I this dawning did admire,  
 And prais'd the coming day,  
 I little thought that rising fire,  
 Wou'd take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,  
 As metals in a mine.

Age from no face takes more away,  
 Than youth conceal'd in thine :

But as your charms insensibly

To their perfection prest ;

So love as unperceiv'd did fly,

And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,

While *Cupid* at my heart,

Still as his mother favour'd you,

Threw many a flaming dart.

Each gloried in their wanton part ;

To make a lover, he

Employ'd the utmost of his art ;—

To make a beauty, she.

## S O N G 106.

**P**Reach not to me your musty rules,

Ye drones that mould in idle cell ;

The heart is wiser than the schools,

The senses always reason well.

If short my span, I less can spare

To pass a single pleasure by :

An hour is long if lost in care ;

They only live who life enjoy.

## S O N G.



## SONG 107.

**H**OW sweet the gossiping birds that sing !  
 How sweet the treasure that Zephyrs  
 bring,  
 Light-wafted on each odoriferous wing,  
 That winnows the breast of flow'ry Spring !

How sweet the flowers with balm replete,  
 The fawns that frolick, and lambs that bleat !  
 But oh ! above all, tho' all should meet,  
 My *Gracey*, my sweetest of sweets, is sweet !

## SONG 108.

**O**F a noble race was *Shinkin*,  
 Of the line of *Owen Tnaor* ;  
 But hur renown is fled and gone,  
 Since cruel love pursued hur.

Fair *Winney*'s eyes bright-shining,  
 And lily breasts alluring,  
 Poor *Shinkin*'s heart with fatal dart  
 Have wounded past all curing.

Hur was the prettiest fellow  
 At stool-ball or at cricket ;  
 At hunting-race, or foot-ball chace,  
 Cot's-plut ! how hur could kick it !

But now all joys are flying,  
 All pale and wan her cheeks too ;  
 Hur heart so akes, hur quite forsakes  
 Hur hettings and hur leeks too.



[ 121 ]

No more shall sweet metheglin  
Be drank at good *Montgom'ry* ;  
And if love's fore lasts six days more,  
Adieu cream-cheese and flumm'ry !

SONG 109.

FROM tyrant laws and customs free,  
We follow sweet variety ;  
By turns we drink and dance and sing,  
Love for ever on the wing.

Why should niggard rules controul  
Transports of the jovial soul ?  
No dull stinting hours we own,  
Pleasure counts or time alone.

SONG 110,

FROM morn to night, from day to day,  
At all times and at ev'ry place,  
You scold, repeat, and sing and say ;  
Nor are there hopes you'll ever cease.

Forbear my *Calia*, oh ! forbear,  
If your own health or ours you prize ;  
For all mankind that hear you, swear  
Your tongue's more killing than your eyes.  
Your tongue's a traitor to your face,  
Your fame's by your own noise obscur'd ;  
All are distracted while they gaze,  
But if they listen, all are cur'd.

L

Your



Your silence would acquire more praise  
 Than all you say, or all I write;  
 One look ten thousand charms displays;  
 Then hush——and be an angel quite.

## S O N G   I I I.

**D**ejected as true converts die,  
 But yet with fervent thoughts inflam'd;  
 So, fairest, at your feet I lie,  
 Of all my sex's faults asham'd.

Too long, alas! have I defy'd  
 The force of love's almighty flame,  
 And often did aloud deride  
 His Godhead as an empty name.

But since so freely I confess  
 A crime which may your scorn produce,  
 Allow me now to make it less  
 By any just and fair excuse.

I then did vulgar joys pursue,  
 Variety was all my bliss;  
 But, ignorant of love and you,  
 How could I chuse but do amiss?

If ever now my wandering eyes  
 Search out temptation as before;  
 If once I look, but to despise  
 Their charms, and value yours the more;

May sad remorse, and guilty shame,  
 Revenge your wrongs on faithless me;  
 And, what I tremble ev'n to name,  
 May I lose all in losing thee.

S O N G



## SONG II2.

**N**ATURE for thee has cull'd her store,  
 Then why shouldst thou, fond maid,  
 Pretend to make thy beauty more,  
 In borrow'd charms array'd?  
 In borrow'd charms, &c.

The radiant plumes no more delight,  
 Nor once our thoughts employ,  
 Whilst thy own native charms excite  
 Our wonder and our joy, &c.

Believe me, nymph, their glories fade,  
 Plac'd near thy brighter eyes;  
 Brilliants on you appear decay'd,  
 On others they'd surprise, &c.

Since then, heav'n-deck'd, you win all hearts,  
 Make dress no more your care;  
 To meaner beauties leave those arts,  
 Which you so well can spare,  
 Which you, &c.

## SONG II3.

**D**EAR Colin, prevent my warm blushes;  
 Since how can I speak without pain?  
 My eyes have oft told you my wishes;  
 Oh! can't you their meaning explain?  
 My passion would lose by expression,  
 And you too might cruelly blame;  
 Then don't you expect a confession  
 Of what is too tender to name.



[ 124 ]

Since yours is the province of speaking,  
 Why should you expect it from me ?  
 Our wishes should be in our keeping,  
 Till you tell us what they should be.  
 Then quickly why don't you discover ?  
 Did your heart feel such tortures as mine,  
 Eyes need not tell over and over  
 What I in my bosom confine.

SONG 114.

**D**EAR Madam, when ladies are willing,  
 A man must needs look like a fool ;  
 For me, I would not give a shilling  
 For one that can love out of rule :  
 At least, you should wait for our offers,  
 Nor snatch like old maids in despair ;  
 If you've liv'd till these years without proffers,  
 Your sighs are now lost in the air.

You should leave us to guess at your blushing,  
 And not speak the matter too plain ;  
 'Tis ours to be forward and pushing,  
 And yours to affect a disdain.  
 That you're in a terrible taking,  
 By all your fond ogling I see ;  
 But the fruit that will fall without shaking,  
 Indeed is too mellow for me.

SONG 115.

**D**O not ask me, charming Phillis,  
 Why I lead you here alone,  
 By this bank of pinks and lilies,  
 And of roses newly blown.

'Tis



'Tis not to behold the beauty  
Of those flow'rs that crown the spring;  
'Tis to—but I know my duty,  
And dare not name the thing.

'Tis, at worst, but her denying,  
Why should I thus fearful be?  
Ev'ry minute, gently flying,  
Similes and fays, make use of me.

What the sun does to these roses,  
While the beams play sweetly in,  
I would—but my fear opposes,  
And I dare not name the thing.

Yet I die, if I conceal it:  
Ask my eyes, or ask your own;  
And if neither can reveal it,  
Think what lovers think alone.

On this bank of pinks and lilies,  
Might I speak what I would do;  
I wou'd, with my lovely *Phyllis*,  
I wou'd—ah! wou'd not you?

SONG 116.

OF all the birds, whose tuneful throats  
Do welcome in the verdant spring,  
I far prefer the *Stirling's* notes,  
And think she does most sweetly sing.  
Nor thrush, nor linnæ, nor the bird  
Brought from the far *Canary* coast,  
Nor can the nightingale afford  
Such melody as she can boast.



When Phoebus southward darts his fires,  
 And on our plains he looks apace;  
 The nightingale with him retires,  
 My Stirling makes my blood to dance  
 In spite of Hyem's nipping frost,  
 Whether the day be dark or clear,  
 Shall I not her health entreat,  
 Who makes it summer all the year?

Then by thyself, my lovely bird,  
 I'll stroke thy back, and kiss thy breast;  
 And if you'll take my honest word,  
 As sacred as before the priest;  
 I'll bring thee where I will devise  
 Such various ways to pleasure thee,  
 The velvet fog thou wilt despise,  
 When on the downy hills with me.

## SONG 117.

**B**LEST as th' immortal Gods is he,  
 The youth that fondly sits by thee,  
 And hears and sees thee all the while  
 Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas this bereav'd my soul of rest,  
 And rais'd such tumults in my breast;  
 For while I gaz'd, in transports lost,  
 My breath was gone, my voice was lost!

My bosom glow'd, the subtil flame  
 Ran quickly thro' my vital frame;  
 O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,  
 My ears with hollow murmurs rung.



In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,  
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,  
My feeble pulse forgot to play;  
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

SONG II8.

**A**LEXIS shun'd his fellow swains,  
Their rural sports and jovial strains;  
Heav'n guard us all from Cupid's bow!  
He lost his crook, he left his flock,  
And, wand'ring thro' the lonely rocks,  
He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came,  
His grief some pity others blame;  
The fatal cause all kindly seek:  
He mingled his concern with theirs,  
He gave them back their friendly tears;  
He sigh'd, but could not speak.

Clorinda came among the rest,  
And she too kind concern express'd,  
And ask'd the reason of his woe:  
She ask'd, but with an air and mein  
That made it easily foreseen,  
She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head,  
And with you pardon me, he said,  
While I the cruel truth reveal?  
Which nothing from my breast should tear,  
Which never should offend your ear,  
But that you bid me tell.



'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,  
 Since you appear'd upon the plain;  
 You are the cause of all my care;  
 Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart,  
 Ten thousand torments vex my heart;  
 I love, and I despair.

Too much *Alexis* I have heard;  
 'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd;  
 And yet I pardon you, she cry'd:  
 But you shall promise ne'er again  
 To breathe your vows, or speak your pain.  
 He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

SONG 119.

**T**HE wanton god, that pierces hearts,  
 Dips in gall the pointed darts;  
 But the nymph disdains to pine,  
 Who bathes the wound in rosy wine.

Farewel lovers when they're cloy'd;  
 If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd,  
 Sure the squeamish fops are free  
 To rid me of dull company.

They have charms whilst mine can please,  
 I love them much, but more my ease;  
 No jealous fears my love molest,  
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.

Why should they e'er give me pain,  
 Who to give me joy disdain?  
 All I hope of mortal man  
 Is to love me whilst he can.



## S O N G 120.

**S**TREPHON, when you see me fly,  
 Why should that your fears create?  
 Maids may be as often shy  
 Out of love, as out of hate.  
 When from you I fly away,  
 'Tis because I fear to stay.

Did I out of hatred run,  
 Less would be my pain and care;  
 But the youth I love, to shun!  
 Who could such a trial bear?  
 Who, that such a swain did see,  
 Who would love and fly like me?

Cruel duty bids me go;  
 Gentle love commands my stay;  
 Duty's still to love a foe:  
 Shall I this or that obey?  
 Duty frowns, and *Cupid* smiles;  
 That befriends, and this beguiles.

Ever by this crystal stream  
 I could sit and see thee sigh;  
 Ravish'd with this pleasing dream,  
 Oh! 'tis worse than death to fly:  
 But the danger is so great,  
 Fear gives wings, instead of hate.

If you love me, *Strephon*, leave me;  
 If you stay, I am undone:  
 Oh! you may with ease deceive me;  
 Præthee, charming boy, be gone:  
 The gods decree that we must part;  
 They have my vow, and you my heart.

S O N G



## SONG 121.

**A**S naked almost, and more fair you appear  
 Than *Diana*, when spy'd by *Alicon*;  
 Yet the stag-hunter's fate your votaries here  
 We hope you're too gentle to lay on.

For he, like a fool, took a peep and no more,  
 So she gave him a large pair of horns, Sir:  
 What Goddess undress'd such neglect ever  
 bore,  
 Or what woman e'er pardon'd such scorn, Sir?

The man who with beauty feasts only his eyes,  
 With the fair always works his own ruin:  
 You shall find by our actions, our looks and  
 our sighs,  
 We're not barely contented with viewing.

## SONG 122,

**W**HEN *Orpheus* went down to the regions  
 below,  
 To bring back the wife that he lov'd,  
 Old *Pluto* confounded, as histories shew,  
 To find that his music so mov'd.  
 To find, &c.

That a woman so good, so virtuous and fair,  
 Shou'd be by a man thus trepann'd  
 To give up her freedom for sorrow and care;  
 He own'd she deserv'd to be damn'd,  
 He own'd, &c.

For



For punishment he never studied a whit ;  
 The torments of hell had not pain  
 Sufficient to curse her——so *Pluto* thought fit  
 Her husband should have her again,  
 Her husband, &c.

But soon he compassion'd the woman's hard fate,  
 And knowing of mankind so well,  
 He recall'd her again, before 'twas too late,  
 And said she'd be happier in hell,  
 And said, &c.

## S O N G 123.

**W**HEN *Orpheus* went down to the regions  
 below,  
 Which men are forbidden to see,  
 He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories shew,  
 To set his *Euroidice* free.  
 To set his *Euroidice* free.

All hell was astonish'd a person so wise  
 Should rashly endanger his life,  
 And venture so far—but how vast their surprize,  
 When they heard that he came for his wife !  
 When they heard, &c.

To find out a punishment due to the fault,  
 Old *Pluto* had puzzled his brain ;  
 But hell had not torments sufficient he thought,  
 So he gave him his wife back again.  
 So he gave him, &c.

But pity succeeding soon vanquish'd his heart,  
 And pleas'd with his playing so well,  
 H.



[ 132 ]

He took her again, in reward of his art;  
Such power had music in hell.  
Such power, &c.

SONG 124.

**L**OVE's a gentle gen'rous passion,  
Source of all sublime delight,  
When, with mutual inclination,  
Two fond hearts in one unite.  
Two fond hearts in one unite.

What are titles, pomp or riches,  
If compar'd with true content?  
That false joy, which now bewitches,  
When obtain'd we may repent.  
When obtain'd, &c.

Lawless passion brings vexation,  
But a chaste and constant love  
Is a glorious emulation  
Of the blissful state above.  
Of the blissful, &c.

SONG 125.

**HE.**  
**L**OVE's an idle childish passion  
Only fit for girls and boys;  
Marriage is a cursed fashion,  
Women are but foolish toys.  
Women are but foolish toys.  
Spite of all the tempting evils,  
Still they liberty maintain;  
Tell



Tell 'em, tell the pretty devils,  
 Man alone was made to reign,  
 Man alone, &c.

SHE.

Empty boaster! know thy duty,  
 Thou who dar'st my pow'r defy,  
 Feel the force of love and beauty,  
 Tremble at my feet and die.  
 Tremble at my feet and die.

Wherefore does thy colour leave thee?  
 Why those cares upon thy brow?  
 Did the rebel Pride deceive thee?  
 Ask him who's the monarch now.  
 Ask him, &c.

# SONG 126.

**O** Lovely Celia, heav'nly maid,  
 Kind gentle, fair and free;  
 In all thy sex's charms array'd;  
 How few are form'd like thee?  
 Thy image always fills my mind,  
 The theme of ev'ry song;  
 I'm fix'd to thee alone I find,  
 But ask not for how long.

The fair in gen'ral I've admir'd,  
 Have long been false and true;  
 And when the last my fancy tir'd,  
 I wander'd round to you.  
 Then, while I can, I'll be sincere,  
 As turtles to their mates;  
 This moment's yours and mine my dear,  
 The next you know is fate's.

M

SONG



[ 132 ]

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Women are but foolish toys.  
Spite of all the tempting evils,  
Still they liberty maintain;  
Tell



[ 133 ]

Tell 'em, tell the pretty devils,  
Man alone was made to reign,  
Man alone, &c.

SHE.

Empty baster ! know thy duty,  
Thou who dar'st my pow'r defy,  
Feel the force of love and beauty,  
Tremble at my feet and die.  
Tremble at my feet and die.

Wherefore does thy colour leave thee ?  
Why those cares upon thy brow ?  
Did the rebel Pride deceive thee ?  
Ask him who's the monarch now,  
Ask him, &c.

S O N G 126.

O Lovely Cella, heav'nly maid,  
Kind gentle, fair and free ;  
In all thy sex's charms array'd ;  
How few are form'd like thee ?  
Thy image always fills my mind,  
The theme of ev'ry song ;  
I'm fix'd to thee alone I find,  
But ask not for how long.

The fair in gen'ral I've admir'd,  
Have long been false and true ;  
And when the last my fancy tir'd,  
I wander'd round to you,  
Then, while I can, I'll be sincere,  
As turtles to their mates ;  
This moment's yours and mine my dear,  
The next you know is fate's.

M

S O N G



## SONG 127.

**I** Gently touch'd her hand, she gave  
 A look that did my heart enslave ;  
 I press'd her rebel lips in vain,  
 They rose up to be press'd again :  
 Thus happy, I no farther meant,  
 Than to be pleas'd and innocent.

On her soft breast my hand I laid,  
 And a quick light impression made ;  
 They with a kindly warmth did glow,  
 And swell'd, and seem'd to overflow ;  
 Yet, trust me, I no farther meant,  
 Than to be pleas'd and innocent.

On her bright eyes my eyes did play,  
 O'er her smooth limbs my heart did stray ;  
 Each sense was ravish'd with delight  
 And my soul stood prepar'd for flight.  
 Blame me not, if at last I meant  
 More to be pleas'd than innocent.

## SONG 128.

**Y**E nymphs of the plain, who once saw me  
 so gay,  
 You ask why in sorrow I spend the whole day :  
 'Tis love, cruel love, that my peace did betray :  
 Then crown your poor *Phyllis* with willow.

The bloom which once grac'd, has deserted this  
 cheek ;  
 My eyes no more sparkle, my tongue can scarce  
 speak  
 My



My heart too flutters, I fear it will break :  
Then crown your poor *Phyllis* with willow.

Ye lovers so true, that attend on my bier,  
And think that my fortune has prov'd too  
severe ;

Ah ! curb not the sigh, nor refuse the kind tear ;  
Then strew all the place round with willow.

Erect me a tomb, and engrave on its side,  
“ Here lies a poor maiden, whose love was  
“ deny'd ;

“ She strove to endure it, but could not, and  
dy'd : ”

Then shade it with cypress and willow.

## SONG 129.

**I**N vain *Philander* at my feet,  
You urge your guilty flame ;  
With well dissembled tears intreat,  
New oaths and impious vows repeat,  
And wrong love's sacred name,

Ah ! cease to call that passion love,  
Whose end is to betray :  
Too soon should I comply, you'd prove  
What sensual vows your ardor move  
And your affection sway.

And when, to all my fondness blind,  
You'd chace me from your breast ;  
Deluded wretch ! when could I find,  
That calm content, that peace of mind,  
Which I before possess'd.



[ 13<sup>a</sup> ]

SONG 130.

**Y**ES, all the world will sure agree,  
 He who's secure of having thee  
 Will be entirely blest;  
 But 'ware in me too great a wrong,  
 To make one, who has been so long  
 My queen, my slave at last.  
 Nor ought those things to be confin'd  
 That were for public good design'd:  
 Could we, in foolish pride,  
 Make the sun always with us stay,  
 'Twould burn our corn and grass away,  
 And starve the world beside.

Let not the thoughts of parting fright  
 Two souls which passion does unite;  
 For while our love does last,  
 Neither will strive to go away;  
 And why the devil should we stay,  
 When once that love is past?

SONG 131.

**T**HE stone, that all things turns at will  
 To gold, the chymist craves;  
 But gold, without the chymist's skill,  
 Turns all men into knaves:  
*For a cheating we will go, &c.*

The merchant would the courtier cheat,  
 When on his goods he lays  
 Too high a price—but, faith he's bit,  
 For a courtier never pays:  
*For a cheating, &c.*

The



The lawyer, with a face demure,  
Hangs him who steals your self;  
Because the good man can endure  
No robber but himself;  
*For a cheating, &c.*

Betwixt the quack and highway-man  
What difference can there be?  
Tho' this with pistol, that with pen  
Doth kill you for a fee:  
*For a cheating, &c.*

The husband cheats his loving wife  
And to a mistress goes;  
While she at home, to ease her life,  
Carouses with the beaux;  
*For a cheating, &c.*

The tenant doth the steward nick,  
So low this art we find;  
The steward doth his lordship trick;  
My lord tricks all mankind:  
*For a cheating, &c.*

SONG 132,

**H**owever some in coaches,  
In barrows some may beg,  
'Tis want that makes the mendicant,  
And not the wooden leg,  
*When a begging they do go, &c.*

'Tis thus by greater poverty  
That nobles grow renown'd;  
For where we want a penny,  
State-beggars want a pound;  
*And a begging they will go, &c.*



Your courtiers beg for honour—

And that's a want indeed ;

As many should for honesty—

But will not own their need :

*Tho' a begging, &c.*

Your vizier begs for subsidies,

Your party-men for place ;

Your churchman for a benefice—

But ne'er a man for grace :

*When a begging, &c.*

Thus all from Rome to London

Are of the begging train :

But we who beg for charity

Are those who beg in vain :

*Yet a begging, &c.*

## SONG 133.

**W**HEN charming *Chloe* gently walks,

Or sweetly smiles, or gaily talks,

No goddess can with her compare,

So sweet her looks, so soft her air.

So sweet her looks, so soft her air,

In whom so many charms are plac'd,

Is with a mind so nobly grac'd,

With sparkling wit and solid sense,

And soft persuasive eloquence.

In framing her divinely fair,

Nature employ'd her utmost care,

That we in *Chloe's* form should find

A *Venus*, with *Minerva's* mind.

SONG



## SONG 134.

**M**Y Goddess *Lydia*, heavenly fair,  
 As lily sweet, as soft as air,  
 Let loose thy tresses, spread thy charms,  
 And to my love give fresh alarms.

O! let me gaze on those bright eyes,  
 Tho' sacred lightning from them flies;  
 Shew me that soft that modest grace,  
 Which paints with charming red thy face.

Give me *ambrosia* in a kiss,  
 That I may rival *Jove* in bliss,  
 That I may mix my soul with thine,  
 And make the pleasure all divine.

O hide! thy bosom's killing white,  
 (The milky way is not so bright).  
 Lest you my, ravish'd soul oppress,  
 With beauty's pomp, and sweet excess.

Why draw'st thou from the purple flood  
 Of my kind heart the vital blood?  
 Thou art all over endless charms;  
 O! take me dying to thy arms.

## SONG 135.

**S**AW ye the nymph whom I adore?  
 Saw ye the goddess of my heart?  
 And can you bid me love no more?  
 And can you think I feel no smart?

So



[ 140 ]

So many charms around her shine,  
Who can the sweet temptation fly ?  
Spite of her <sup>own</sup> horn, she's so divine,  
That I must love her, tho' I die.

SONG 136.

**F**AME's an echo, prattling double,  
An empty, airy, glitt'ring bubble;  
A breath can swell, a breath can sink it,  
The wise not worth their keeping think it.

Why then, why such toil and pain,  
Fame's uncertain smiles to gain ?  
Like her sister Fortune, blind,  
To the best she's oft unkind,  
And the worst her favour find.

SONG 137.

**A** Trifling song ye shall hear,  
Begun with a trifle and ended;  
All trifling people draw near,  
And I shall be nobly attended.

Were it not for trifles a few,  
That lately came into the play,  
The men would want something to do,  
The women want something to say.

What makes men trifle in dressing ?  
Because the ladies, they know,  
Admire, by often caressing  
That eminent trifle, a beau.

When



When the lover his moments has trifled,  
The trifle of trifles to gain,  
No sooner the virgin is rifled,  
But a trifle shall part them again.

What mortal wou'd ever be able,  
At *Whyte's* half a moment to sit?  
Or who is't cou'd bear a tea-table,  
Without talking trifles for wit?

The court is from trifles secure,  
Gold keys are no trifles we see;  
White rods are no trifles I'm sure,  
Whatever their bearers may be.

But if you will go to the place,  
Where trifles abundantly breed;  
The levee will shew you, his Grace  
Makes promises trifles indeed!

A coach with six footmen behind,  
I count neither trifle nor sin;  
But, ye Gods! how oft do we find  
A scandalous trifle within?

A flask of *Champaign* people think it  
A trifle, or something as bad;  
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,  
You'll find it no trifle egad.

A parson's a trifle at sea,  
A widow's a trifle in sorrow,  
A peace is a trifle to day,  
To break it a trifle to morrow.



A black coat a trifle may cloke,  
Or to hide it the red may endeavour;  
But if once the army is broke,  
We shall have more trifles than evert.

The stage is a trifle, they say,  
The reason pray carry along;  
Because that at every new play,  
The house they with trifles so throng.

But with people's malice to trifle,  
And to set us all on a foot;  
The author of this is a trifle,  
And his song is a trifle to boot.

S O N G 138.

**W**HEN *Fanny* blooming fair,  
First met my ravish'd sight,  
Caught with her shape and air  
I felt a strange delight;  
Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,  
Admiring ev'ry part,  
And ev'ry feature prais'd,  
She stole into my heart.

In her bewitching eyes  
Ten thousand Loves appear;  
There *Cupid* basking lies,  
His shafts are hoarded there.  
Her blooming cheeks are dy'd  
With colours all their own,  
Excelling far the pride  
Of roses newly blown.



Her well-turn'd limbs confess  
 The lucky hand of *Jove* ;  
 Her features all express  
 The beauteous queen of love :  
 What flames my nerves invade,  
 When I behold the breast  
 Of that too charming maid  
 Rise, suing to be prest !

*Venus*, round *Fanny's* waist  
 Has her own cestus bound,  
 With guardian *Cupid's* grac'd,  
 Who sport the circle round :  
 How happy will he be  
 Who shall her zone unloose !  
 That bliss to all but me  
 May heav'n and she refuse.

## S O N G 139.

WHAT care I for affairs of state,  
 Or who is rich, or who is great ?  
 How far abroad th' ambitious roam,  
 To bring or gold or silver home ?  
 What is't to me if *France* or *Spain*  
 Consent to peace, or war maintain ?

I pay my taxes peace or war,  
 And wish all well at *Gibraltar* ;  
 But mind a Cardinal no more  
 Than any other scarlet whore :  
 Grant me, ye pow'rs, health and rest,  
 And let who will the world contest.

S O N G



## SONG 140.

**N**EAR some cool stream, O! let me keep  
 My liberty, and feed my sheep;  
 A shady walk well lin'd with trees,  
 A garden with a range of Bees;  
 An orchard which good apples bears,  
 Where spring a long green mantle wears.

Where winters never are severe;  
 Good barley land to make me beer;  
 With entertainment for a friend,  
 To spend in peace my latter end,  
 In honest ease and home-spun gray,  
 And let the evening crown the day.

## SONG 141.

**B**LOW on ye winds, descend soft rains,  
 To soothe my tender grief:  
 Your solemn music lulls my pains,  
 And gives me short relief.

In some lone corner would I sit,  
 Retir'd from human kind;  
 Since mirth, nor shew nor sparkling wit,  
 Can soothe my anxious mind.

The sun, which makes all nature gay,  
 Torments my weary eyes;  
 And in dark shades I spend the day,  
 Where echo sleeping lies.

The



[ 145 ]

The sparkling stars, which daily shine,  
And glitt'ring deck the night;  
Are all such cruel foes of mine;  
I sicken at their sight.

SONG 142.

WHEN here, *Lucinda*, first we came,  
Where *Arno* rolls his silver stream,  
How blyth the nymphs, the swains how gay,  
Content inspir'd each rural lay:  
The birds in livelier concert sung,  
The grapes in thicker clusters hung,  
All look'd as joy cou'd never fail  
Among the sweets of *Arno's* vale.

But now since good *Palamon* died,  
The chief of shepherds, and the pride;  
Old *Arno's* sons must all give place  
To northern swains, an iron race:  
The taste of pleasure now is o'er,  
Thy notes, *Lucinda*, please no more,  
The muses droop, the *Goths* prevail,  
Adieu the sweets of *Arno's* Vale.

SONG 143.

HAIL Burgundy! thou juice divine,  
Inspirer of my song;  
The praises giv'n to other wine  
To thee alone belong:  
Of poignant wit and rosy charms  
Thou canst the pow'r improve,  
Care of its sting thy balm disarms,  
Thou noblest gift of *Jove*.

N

Bright



Bright *Phœbus* on the parent vines  
 From whence thy current streams,  
 Sweet smiling through the tendrils shines,  
 And lavish darts his beams,  
 The pregnant grape receives his fires,  
 And all his force retains  
 With that same warmth our brains inspires,  
 And animates our strains.

From thee my *Chloe's* radiant eye,  
 New sparkling beams receives,  
 Her cheeks imbibe a rozier dye,  
 Her beauteous bosom heaves:  
 Summon'd to love by thy alarms,  
 O with what nervous heat!  
 Worthy the fair, we fill their arms,  
 And oft our bliss repeat.

The Stoick prone to thought intense,  
 Thy softness can unbind,  
 A chearful gaiety dispence,  
 And make him taste a friend.  
 His brow grows clear, he feels content,  
 Forgets his pensive strife,  
 And then concludes his time well spent  
 In honest social life.

E'en beaux those soft amphibious things,  
 Wrapt up in self and dress,  
 Quite lost to the delight that springs  
 From sense, thy pow'r confess.  
 The fop with chitty maudlin face,  
 That dares but deeply drink,  
 Forgets his cue, and stiff grimace,  
 Grows free, and seems to think.



## SONG 144.

**H**ELP me each harmonious grove,  
 Gently whisper all ye trees,  
 Tune each warbling throat to love,  
 Cool each mead with softest breeze,  
 Breathe sweet odours ev'ry flower,  
 All your various paintings shew,  
 Pleasing verdure grace each bow'r,  
 Around let ev'ry blessing flow.

Glide ye limpid brooks along,  
 Phœbus glance thy mildest ray;  
 Murm'ring floods repeat my song,  
 And tell what Colin dare not say;  
 Celia comes! whose charming air,  
 Fires with love the rural Swains;  
 Tell, oh tell the blooming fair,  
 That Colin dies if she disdains.

## SONG 145.

**W**HEN fair Ophelia tunes her voice,  
 The feather'd choir attend the song;  
 And as they catch the melting notes,  
 And as they catch the melting notes,  
 Repeat them as they fly along,  
 Repeat them as they fly along.

Not all the music of the Nine,  
 Nor of the sweet enchanting Spheres;  
 Or plaintive notes of dying swan,  
 Or plaintive notes, &c.



Were half so sweet as those of her's.

*Were half so sweet, &c.*

'Twas sure fair Venus in disguise,  
Blest with Apollo's charming tongue!

So like the Goddess she appear'd,

*So like, &c.*

So like the God himself she sung.

*So like, &c.*

# S O N G 146.

**D**EAR *Chloe* while thus beyond measure,  
You treat me with doubts and disdain,  
You rob all your youth of its Pleasure,  
And hoard up an old age of Pain:  
Your Maxim that love is still founded  
On charms that will quickly decay,  
You'll find to be very ill grounded  
When once you its dictates obey.

The passion from beauty first drawn  
Your kindness will vastly improve;  
Soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn,  
Fruition's the sunshine of love:  
And tho' the bright beams of your eyes,  
Should be clouded that now are so gay,  
And darkness obscure all the skies,  
You ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby with Joan by his side,  
You've often regarded with wonder;  
He's dropical, she is fore-ey'd,  
Yet they're ever uneasy asunder:  
Together



Together they totter about,  
 And sit in the sun at the door;  
 And at night, when old Darby's pipe's out,  
 His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

No beauty nor wit they possess,  
 Their several failings to smother;  
 Then what are the charms, can you guess,  
 That make them so fond of each other?  
 'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,  
 The endearments that youth did bestow,  
 The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,  
 The best of all blessings below.

Those traces for ever will last,  
 Nor sickness, nor time can remove;  
 For when youth and beauty are past,  
 And age brings the winter of love,  
 A friendship insensibly grows  
 By reviews of such raptures as these,  
 And a current of fondness still flows,  
 Which decrepid old-age cannot freeze.

## SONG 147.

**W**AFT me some soft and cooling Breeze  
 To Windsor's shady cool Retreat;  
 Where Silvan Scenes wide spreading trees  
 Repel the raging Dog-star's heat:  
 Where tufted Grass and mossy beds  
 Afford a rural calm Retreat,  
 Or Woodbines hang their dewy heads,  
 And fragrant sweets around disclose.



Old oozy Thames that flows fast by,  
 Along the smiling valley plays;  
 His glassy surface cheers the eye,  
 And thro' the flow'ry meadow strays:  
 His fertile banks with herbage green,  
 His vales with golden plenty swell;  
 Where'er his purer stream is seen,  
 The gods of health and pleasure dwell.

Let me thy clear thy yielding wave,  
 With naked arm once more divide;  
 In thee my glowing bosom lave,  
 And stem thy gently rolling tide;  
 Lay me with damask roses crown'd,  
 Beneath some oziars dusky shade,  
 Where water lillies paint the ground,  
 And bubbling spings refresh the glade.

Let chaste Clarinda too be there,  
 With azure mantle lightly drest,  
 Ye nymphs bind up her silken hair,  
 Ye Zephyrs fan her panting breast:  
 Oh! haste away fair maid, and bring  
 The muse the kindly friend to love;  
 To thee alone the muse shall sing,  
 And warble thro' the vocal grove.

## S O N G 148.

AH! my fickle Jenny,  
 While there was not any  
 In aw the north had pow'r to win ye  
 But Jocky only to his arms;  
 Ne'er a laird in aw the nation  
 Was in so happy a station



As Jocky when in possession  
Of Jenny in her early charms.

Had you still carefs'd me,  
As you once address'd me,  
No other Laird had e'er posses'd me,  
But thine alone I'd only been:  
Had I only been in vogue wi' ye,  
Or had you let none else colloque ye,  
Nor rambl'd after Cath'rine Ogue,  
I'd ha' sped as well as any queen.

Moggy of Dumferlin,  
She's my only darling,  
Who sings as sweet as any starling,  
And dances with a bonny air:  
Moggy is so kind and tender,  
If fate was ready now to end her,  
Cou'd I but from the stroke defend her,  
I'd die if he wou'd Moggy spare.

Sawny me careffes,  
Whose bagpipe so pleases,  
That never my poor heart at ease is,  
But when we are together baith:  
I so heartily befriend him,  
If fate was ready now to end him,  
Cou'd I but from the stroke defend him,  
A thousand times I'd suffer death.

Come, let's leave this fooling,  
My heart ne'er was cooling,  
None else but Jenny e'er was ruling,  
But thus our hearts we fondly try:  
To thy arms if thou restore me,  
Shou'd all the Lairds o' th' land adore me,  
Nay



Nay our god king himself send for me,  
With thee alone I'd lig and die.

## SONG 149.

**I** Met in our village a swain t'other day,  
He stopt me and beg'd me a moment to stay;

Then blush'd and in language I ne'er heard  
before

He talk'd much of love and some pains that he  
bore,

He talk'd much of love, &c.

But what was his meaning I know not I vow;  
Yet alas! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell  
how.

Alas! my poor heart, &c.

Each morning he brings me the vi'let and rose,  
The woodbine, and ev'ry sweet flower that  
blows;

The choicest and sweetest he picks from the rest,  
And begs me to wear the fine things in my breast:

But what is his meaning I know not, I vow,

Yet alas! my poor heart, &c.

At my feet my dear Shepherd for ever I see,

Protesting he'll never love any but me;

He gazes with transport, and kisses me too,

And swears he'll for ever be constant and true:

But what is his meaning I know not, I vow,

Yet alas! my poor heart, &c.

Alas! why for me does the shepherd complain,  
And say my bright eyes are the cause of his  
pain? Indeed



Indeed, were I sure (for his fate I deplore)  
That he suffer'd for me, he should suffer no  
more.

I'll do all I can to relieve him, I vow,  
That my heart may no more feel, &c.

## SONG 150.

**T**HE shape and face let others prize,

The features of the fair ;  
I look for spirit in her eyes,

And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, and ivory arm,

Shall ne'er my wishes win ;

Give me an animated form,

That speaks a mind within.

A soul where awful honour shines,

Where sense and sweetness move ;

And angel innocence refin'd,

The tenderness of love :

These are the soul of beauty's frame ;

Without whose vital aid

Unfinish'd all her features seem,

And all the roses dead.

But ah ! when both their charms unite,

How perfect is the view !

With ev'ry image of delight,

And graces ever new ;

Their pow'r but faintly to express,

All language must despair ;

But go, behold Aspasia's face

And read it perfect there.

## SONG



[ 154 ]

SONG 151.

**O**F all the flow'rs that deck the field,  
In spring's enliv'ning verdure set;  
Not one such fragrancy does yield,  
None half so sweet as lovely Bett.  
None half so sweet as lovely Bett.

The men with rapture view the lass,  
The women eye her charms and fret,  
All vainly wishing to surpass,  
All falling short of lovely Bett.  
All falling short, &c.

Sol shakes the reins and whips his page,  
To fit with Thetis tete a tete,  
Yet knows no joys what e'er he brags,  
Like mine when sitting with my Bett.  
Like mine, &c.

Minerva's wit, and Venus' charms,  
With chaste Diana's thought are met:  
Wou'd fortune give her to my arms,  
Death only shou'd part me and Bett.  
Death only shou'd part me and Bett.

SONG 152.

**W**HY am I doom'd to spend my days  
Alone, in pain, and mourn at fate?  
As void of pity as of praise;  
Unheeded, even among the great.

None



[ 155 ]

None has a sense of what I feel ;  
 None knows the anguish of my heart ;  
 None but the pow'r to whom I kneel ;  
 None, none, but he can cure my smart.

'Tis he alone that can restore  
 That darling object of my soul ;  
 Give, what he only lent before,  
 For endless time, without controul.  
 Thus time, as boundless as my love,  
 Shall yield me joys as boundless, store,  
 'Till gift and giver one shall prove,  
 Where time and sorrow is no more.

SONG 153.

RECITATIVE.

**W**HILST at Armida's feet Rinaldo lay,  
 Sinking beneath the pleasing force of  
 love ;  
 A feather'd songster, from a nei'b'ring spray,  
 With sweetest sounds thus fill'd th'enchanted  
 grove.

A I R.

The gently budding rose behold,  
 Half op'ning to the vernal beams ;  
 Its beauties cautious to unfold,  
 The less 'tis seen the fairer seems.  
 Ye tender maids besieg'd by sighing beaux,  
 Learn from my song the moral of the rose.

And as, tho' guarded round with thorns,  
 Time strips the fading useless flow'r,  
 Which



Which ne'er the lover's breast adorns,  
Nor e'er bedecks the bridal bow'r,  
When maiden aunts their sage advice propose,  
Learn from my song the moral of the rose.

DUETT.

Check the growing idle passion,  
Only built on inclination:  
Then alone it reigns complete,  
When mutual love and friendship meet.

SONG 154.

**W**E may boldly assert what no mortal denies,

We are not all rich, we are not all of a size,  
In power not equal, not equally wise.

*Which no body can deny.*

We can't expect sense from all those that can speak;

Those are not all wise who know Latin and Greek;

Those are not all pious who preach twice a week.

*This no body can deny.*

'Tis not every positive coxcomb that's right,

'Tis not every captain Cockade that will fight,

'Tis not every wife we can trust out of sight.

*This no body can deny.*

Gay cloathing oft covers a belly unfed,

A tye-wig oft covers a weak empty head,

A capuchin oft covers all that is bad.

*This no body can deny.*

He



[ 157 ]

He must be a fool that loves whet after whet,  
He must be a cuckold that loves a coquer,  
He vies with the nation that's always in debt.

*This no body can deny*

An officer's honour is fix'd in the mind,  
To his coat on the left my lord's honour's  
confin'd,

And many brave lords wear their honour behind.

*This no body can deny.*

Both fidler and bawd live on dups: recreation,  
Both statesman and centinal live on the nation,  
Tom-t-aman and doctor both live by purgation.

*This no body can deny.*

S O N G 155.

*She.* **G**O, go you vile set!

**Q**uit your pipe and your pot;

Go home to your stall and be doing:

You puzzle your pate

With matters of state,

And play with edge-tools to your ruin.

*He.* Keep in that shrill note,

Or I'll ram down your throat

This red-hot black pipe I am smoking;

Thou plague of my life!

Thou gipsy! thou wife!

How dar'st thou thy lord be provoking?

*She.* You riot and roar

For Babylon's whore,

And give up your bible and psalter:



I pr'ythee, dear *Kir*,  
Have a little more wit,  
And keep thy neck out of a halter.

*He*. Nay, pr'ythee, sweet *Joan*,  
Now let me alone  
To follow this princely vocation:  
I mean to be great  
In spite of my fate,  
And settle myself and the nation.

*She*. Go, go, you vile sot!

*He*. I matter thee not.

*She*. Was ever poor woman so slighted?

*He*. Thy fortune is made!

*She*. Go follow thy trade.

*He*. I tell thee I mean to be knighted.

*She*. A whipping-post knight!

*He*. Get out of my sight!

*She*. Thou traytor thou, mark thy sad ending.

*He*. I'll new vamp the state,

The church I'll translate:

Old shoes are no more worth the mending.

S O N G 156.

**T**HE Lowland Lads think they are fine,  
But oh they're vain and idly gaudy;  
How much unlike the graceful mein,  
And manly looks of my Highland Laddie!  
O my bonny, bonny Highland Laddie,  
My handsome, charming Highland Laddie!  
May heaven still guard, and love reward,  
The Lowland Lass and her Highland Laddie!



If I was free at will to chuse  
To be the wealthieft lawland lady,  
I'd take young Donald without trews,  
With his bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

The brawest beau in borrows-town  
In a' his airs, with art made ready,  
Compar'd to him, he's but a clown;  
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,  
And leave my lawland kin and dady,  
Ere winter's cauld, & summer's sun,  
He'll screen me with his highland plaidy.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

A painted room, and filken bed,  
May please a lawland laird and lady;  
But I can kiss, and be as glad  
Behind a bush in's highland plaidy.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

Few compliments between us pass,  
I ca' him my dear highland laddie,  
And he ca's me his lawland lass,  
Sync rows me in beneath his plaidy.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,  
Than that his love prove true and steady,  
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,  
While heaven preserves my highland laddie.  
*O my bonny, &c.*



## SONG 157.

**T**HE Lawland maids so spruce and fine,  
 But oft they're vain and pertly faucy;  
 So proud, they never can be kind,  
 Like my good-humour'd Highland Lassie.  
 O! my bonny, bonny Highland Lassie,  
 My handsome, charming Highland Lassie;  
 May never care make thee less fair,  
 But bloom of youth still bless my Lassie.

'Foe' any lass in Burrow's town,  
 Who makes her cheeks wi' patches mottled,  
 I'd take my Katie in one gown,  
 Barefooted, in her little totie.  
 Barefooted, &c.

O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier and birken bush,  
 Whene'er I court or kiss my beauty,  
 Happy and blithe as one could wish,  
 My flutt'ring heart goes pitty-patty.  
 My flutt'ring heart, &c.  
 O my bonny, &c.

The mountain's clad with purple bloom,  
 And berries ripe, invite my treasure,  
 Enamell'd flowers breathe perfume,  
 And court my love to rural pleasure.  
 And court, &c.  
 O my bonny, &c.

Come, lovely Katie, come away,  
 We'll cheerful range the flow'ry meadows;  
 Thy



Thysmiles shall gild the live-long day,

And love and truth for ever bed us.

And love, &c.

O my bonny, bonny Highland Lassie, &c.

SONG 158.

NO Highland Lad or dear Pantin,  
(With pleasing strain and verse so witty)  
But of a lovely maid I sing,

Whose Rival's own she's pretty ;

O my delicate Irish Lassie,

My amorous Irish Lassie ;

No rose in June, e'er had such bloom,

As my beautiful Irish Lassie.

She wears no fav'rite patch or paint,

Nor flaunting knot or hat so flashy ;

But virtue, which no court can taint

Still shines in my Irish Lassie.

O my, &c.

No belle I see compared can be,

To my beautiful Irish Lassie.

The fields adorn'd with vi'lets blue,

The gardens sweet invite my treasure,

To tread the silver-spangled dew,

And give the world new pleasure.

O my, &c.

Each nymph's alarm'd, each swain is charm'd

With my beautiful Irish Lassie.

Preserve, ye gods, this matchless fair,

Who needs no dow'r of treasure massie,

Since

O 3



Since all the Graces heav'n can share  
Unite in our Irish Laffie.

*So great's my store, I ask no more.*

*—But my beautiful Irish Laffie.*

## S O N G 159.

**O**NE evening as I lay  
A musing in a grove,  
A nymph exceeding gay  
Came there to seek her love;  
But finding not her swain,  
She sat her down to grieve,  
And thus she did complain,  
How men her sex deceive.

Believing maids, take care  
Of false deluding men,  
Whose pride is to ensnare  
Each female that they can:  
My perjur'd swain he swore  
A thousand oaths, to prove  
(As many have done before)  
How true he'd be to love.

Then, virgins, for my sake,  
Ne'er trust false man again,  
The pleasure we partake,  
Ne'er answers half the pain;  
(Uncertain as the seas,  
Is their unconstant mind,  
At once they burn and freeze,  
Still changing like the wind.

When she had told her tale,  
Compassion seiz'd my heart,

And



And *Cupid* did prevail  
 With me, to take her part :  
 Then bowing to the fair,  
 I made my kind address,  
 And vow'd to bear a share  
 In her unhappiness.

Surpriz'd at first she rose,  
 And strove from me to fly :  
 I told her I'd disclose  
 For grief a remedy.  
 Then, with a smiling look,  
 Said she, to assuage the storm,  
 I doubt you've undertook  
 A task you can't perform.

Since proof convinces best,  
 Fair maid, believe it true,  
 That rage is but a jest,  
 To what revenge can do :  
 Then serve him in his kind,  
 And fit the fool again,  
 Such charms were ne'er design'd  
 For such a faithless swain.

I courted her with care,  
 Till her soft soul gave way,  
 And from her breast so fair,  
 Stole the sweet heart away :  
 Then she with smiles confess'd,  
 Her mind felt no more pain,  
 While she was thus caress'd,  
 By such a lovely swain.

SONG



## SONG 160.

SEE, *Stella*, as your health returns,  
 All nature does her charms renew ;  
*Thæbus* with greater lustre burns,  
 Who veil'd his face in grief for you.

No longer *Lis* sheds her tears,  
 The *Zephyrs* soft breezes blow ;  
*Flora* in all her pride appears,  
 The streams in dimpling gladness flow.

Wonder not then, too charming maid,  
 To see your *Thyrsis* sympathize ;  
 Excess of joy has love betray'd,  
 And I no longer can disguise.

Not *Adam*, when in *Eden* blest'd,  
 Did a more rapt'rous transport prove,  
 When the fair partner of his breast  
 First rack'd his eyes, and taught him love.

## SONG 161.

UPON *Clarinda's* panting breast  
 The happy *Strephon* lay,  
 With love and beauty jointly press'd  
 To pass the time away :  
 Fresh raptures of transporting love  
 Struck all his senses dumb ;  
 He envy'd not the Pow'rs above,  
 Nor all the joys to come.



As bees around the garden rove  
 To fetch their treasure home  
 So *Strephon* trac'd the fields of  
 To fill her honey-comb :  
 Her ruby lips he kiss'd and press'd  
 From whence all joys deriv'd  
 Then humming round her face  
 Strait crept into her hive.

## S O N G 16

**Y**OU may cease to complain,  
 For your suit is in vain,  
 All attempts you can make  
 But augments her disdain ;  
 She bids you give over  
 While 'tis in your power,  
 For except her esteem  
 She can grant you no more :  
 Her heart has been long since  
 Affaulted and won,  
 Her truth is as lasting  
 And firm as the sun ;  
 You'll find it more easy  
 Your passion to cure,  
 Than for ever those fruitless  
 Endeavours endure.

You may give this advice  
 To the wretched and wise,  
 But a lover like me  
 Will those precepts despise ;  
 I scorn to give over  
 Were it in my power ;  
 Tho' esteem were deny'd me,  
 Yet her I'll adore, A



een touch'd  
 npathy bear,  
 sorrows  
 share ;  
 honour  
 ave,  
 Rions  
 grave.  
 her I'll be  
 ver, tho' she  
 kind despise  
 hatred to me ;  
 an to give o'er  
 use we get no reward,  
 lost not her worth  
 When I lost her regard ;  
 ly love on an altar  
 More noble shall burn,  
 I still will love on  
 Without hopes of return ;  
 I'll tell her some other  
 Has kindled the flame,  
 And I'll sigh for herself  
 In another one's name.

## SONG 163.

**M**Y fair is beautiful as love,  
 Stately, yet void of pride,  
 Gentle as is the turtle dove,  
 And constant as the tide :  
 Prudence in all her ways we find,  
 The graces round her throng,  
 Wisdom itself has form'd her mind,  
 And music's on her tongue.

SONG



SONG 164.

**W**HEN mighty roast beef was the Eng-  
lishman's food,  
It ennobled our veins, and enriched our blood,  
Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were  
good.  
*O the roast beef of old England!*  
*And O the old English roast beef!*

But since we have learnt from all-conquering  
*France*  
To eat their ragouts, as well as to dance,  
We're fed up with nothing but vain complaisance.  
*O the roast beef, &c.*

Our fathers of old were robust, stout and strong,  
And kept open house, with good cheer all day  
long,  
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this  
song, *O the roast beef, &c.*

But now we are dwindled, to what shall I name?  
A sneaking, poor race, half-begotten—and  
tame,  
Who sully those honours that once shone in  
fame. *O the roast beef, &c.*

King *Edward* the Third, for his courage re-  
nown'd,  
His son at sixteen, who with laurels was  
crown'd,  
Eat beef with their armies, so never gave ground.  
*O the roast beef, &c.*

The



The *Henrys*, so famous in story of old,  
The fifth conquer'd *France*, and the seventh  
we're told,  
Establish'd a band to eat beef and look bold.  
*O the roast beef, &c.*

The *French* and the *Dutch*, who 'gainst *Ma-*  
*sons* combine,  
On sallad and butter for ever may dine,  
While Brothers in *England* ne'er want a firloin.  
*O the roast beef, &c.*

When good Queen *Elizabeth* sat on the throne,  
E'er coffee and tea, and such slipshops were  
known,  
The world was in terror if e'er she did frown.  
*O the roast beef, &c.*

In those days if fleets did presume on the main,  
They seldom or never return'd back again,  
As witness the vaunting Armada of *Spain*.  
*O the roast beef, &c.*

King *James*, when he travell'd the throne to  
ascend,  
In *Yorkshire* was pleas'd this good dish to com-  
mend,  
And make it a knight, as historians pretend.  
*O the roast beef, &c.*

O then we had stomachs to eat and to fight,  
And when wrongs were a cooking to do ourselves  
right ;

But now we're a—I cou'd—but good night.

*O the roast beef of old England!*

*And O the old English roast beef!*

S O N G



## SONG 165.

**M**OURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn  
 Thy banish'd peace, thy laurel torn !  
 Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,  
 Lie slaughter'd on their native ground ;  
 Thy hospitable roofs no more  
 Invite the stranger to the door ;  
 In smoaky ruins sunk they lie,  
 The monuments of cruelty,  
*The monuments of cruelty.*

The wretched owner sees afar  
 His all become the prey of war,  
 Bethinks him of his babes and wife,  
 Then smites his breast, and curses life !  
 Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,  
 Where late they fed their wanton flocks ;  
 Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain,  
 Thine infants perish on the plain,  
*Thine infants, &c.*

What boots it, that in every clime,  
 Thro' the wide-spreading waste of time,  
 Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,  
 Still shone with undiminish'd blaze ?  
 Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,  
 Thy neck is bended to the yoke !  
 What foreign arms could never quell,  
 By civil rage and rancour fell,  
*By civil rage, &c.*

The rural pipe and merry lay  
 No more shall cheer the happy days



No social scenes of gay delight  
 Beguile the dreary winter's night:  
 No strains but those of sorrow flow,  
 And nought be heard but sounds of woe;  
 Whilst the pale phantoms of the slain  
 Glide nightly o'er the silent plain,  
*Glide nightly, &c.*

O baleful cause! O fatal morn,  
 Accurs'd to ages yet unborn:  
 The sons against their fathers stood,  
 The parent shed his childrens blood:  
 Yet when the rage of battle ceas'd,  
 The victor's soul was not appeas'd;  
 The naked and forlorn must feel  
 Devouring flames and conqu'ring steel!  
*Devouring flames, &c.*

The pious mother, doom'd to death,  
 Forfaken wanders o'er the heath;  
 The bleak wind whistles round her head,  
 Her helpless orphans cry for bread;  
 Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,  
 She views the shades of night descend;  
 And, stretch'd beneath inclement skies,  
 Weeps o'er her tender babes and dies!  
*Weeps o'er, &c.*

While the warm blood bedews my veins,  
 And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,  
 Resentment of my country's fate,  
 Within my filial breast shall beat;  
 And, spite of her insulting foe,  
 My sympathizing verse shall flow:  
 Mourn, hapless *Caledonia*, mourn  
 Thy banish'd peace, thy laurel torn!  
*Thy banish'd peace, &c.* SONG



## SONG 166.

**A**T length, mother *Gunter*, the gods hear  
 my pray'r,  
 They have heard me at length mother  
*Gunter* ;  
 You are grown an old woman, yet romp drink  
 and swear,  
 And affect the tricks of a young bunter.

You invoke, with a voice that tremblingly  
 squeaks,  
*Brisk Cupid*, tho' sure of denial ;  
 He shuns you, and basks on the blossomy cheeks  
 Of miss *Gubbins*, who plays on the viol.

He flies by the trunk that is sapless and bare,  
 To the pliant young branches he comes up :  
 Age has hail'd on thy face, and has snow'd  
 on thy hair,  
 And thy green teeth have eat all thy gums up.

Nor thy sack, nor thy necklace, thy watch,  
 nor thy ring  
 Have recall'd thee to youth, or retarded  
 Those years, which old time, and his friend  
*Vincent Wing*,  
 In the almanack long have recorded.

Oh where is that beauty, that bloom and that  
 grace,  
 Those lips, which cou'd breath inspiration,  
 Which stole me away from myself, and gave place  
 To no creature but *Nan* in the nation ?



But poor *Nan* is dead, and has left you her years  
 As a legacy, which gracious heaven  
 Has join'd to your own, which a century clears,  
 And is just, ma'm, the age of a raven.

Then remain a *memento* to each jolly soul,  
 Who of *Venus's* club's a staunch member,  
 That love hot as fire must be burnt to a coal,  
 As the broomstick concludes in an ember.

## SONG 167.

THE brightest bloom the rose displays,  
 When gilded by *Aurora's* rays,  
 The fairest lily of the fields,  
 Or cultivated garden yields,  
 Are like the sun by clouds inclos'd,  
 When to *Clarinda's* charms oppos'd.

The *Cyprian* Goddess far less fair  
 Did rising from the waves appear,  
 When ev'ry gazing eye admir'd,  
 And ev'ry throbbing heart desir'd;  
 She's but a foil, nor can compare  
 For comely presence to the fair.

The rural nymph, that rules the shade,  
 In robes of chastity array'd,  
 Is, for a type of her bright mind,  
 The nearest emblem I can find;  
 As fair a form, as fair a frame,  
 What was *Diana* is the dame.

As *Venus* fair, *Lucretia's* truth,  
*Minerva's* wit, *Love's* blooming youth,  
 Great



[ 173 ]

Great Juno's majesty divine,  
In her unparallel'd combine;  
The flow'rs, by gentle Zephyrs prest,  
Are emblems of her fragrant breath.

If such a one can bless mankind,  
In woman if content we find,  
Judge, lovers, judge what I enjoy;  
How great the bliss which ne'er can cloy!  
Since, with a smile, the nymph will own  
Her heart's affections are my own.

S O N G 168.

VAIN is ev'ry fond endeavour  
To resist the fatal dart,  
For examples move us never;  
We must feel to know the smart.

When the shepherd swears he's dying,  
And our beauties sets to view,  
Vanity, her aid supplying,  
Bids us think it all our due.

Softer than the vernal breezes  
Is the mild deceitful strain;  
Frowning truth our sex displeases,  
Flatt'ry never sues in vain.

But too soon the happy lover  
Does our tend'rest hopes deceive;  
Man was form'd to be a rover,  
Foolish woman to believe.

S O N G



## SONG 169.

**A** Courting I went to my love,  
 Who is sweeter than roses in May;  
 And when I came to her, by Jove,  
 The devil a word could I say.  
 I walk'd with her into the garden,  
 There fully intending to woo her;  
 But may I be ne'er worth a farthing,  
 If of love I said any thing to her.

I clasp'd her hand close to my breast,  
 While my heart was as light as a feather;  
 Yet nothing I said, I protest,  
 But—Madam, 'tis very fine weather.  
 To an arbor I did her attend,  
 She ask'd me to come and sit by her;  
 I crept to the furthest end,  
 For I was afraid to come nigh her.

I ask'd her which way was the wind,  
 For I thought in some talk we must enter;  
 Why, Sir! she answer'd, and grinn'd,  
 Have you just sent your wits for a venture?  
 Then into the parlour we went,  
 There I vow'd I my passion wou'd try;  
 But there I was still as a mouse:  
 Oh! what a dull booby was I!

## SONG 170.

**H**E that will not merry merry be,  
 With a generous bowl and a toast,  
 May he in Bridewell be shut up,  
 And fast bound to a post;

Let



Let him be merry merry there,  
 And we'll be merry merry here ;  
 For who can know where we shall go,  
 To be merry another year ?

He that will not merry merry be,  
 And take his glass in course,  
 May he be oblig'd to drink small beer,  
 Ne'er a penny in his purse :  
 Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be,  
 With a comp'ny of jolly boys,  
 May he be plagu'd with a scolding wife,  
 To confound him with her noise :  
 Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be,  
 With his mistress in his bed,  
 Let him be buried in the church-yard,  
 And me put in his stead :  
 Let him be merry, &c.

## S O N G 171.

**T**O make the wife kind, and to keep the  
 house still,  
 You must be of her mind, let her say what  
 she will ;  
 In all that she does you must give her her way,  
 For tell her she's wrong, and you'll lead her  
 astray,  
 Then husbands take care,  
 Of suspicions beware ;  
 Your wives may be true,  
 If you fancy they are : With



With confidence trust them, and be not such  
elves,  
As to make by your jealousy horns for your-  
selves. With confidence, &c.

Abroad all day if she chuses to roam,  
Seem pleas'd with her absence, she'll sigh to  
come home :

The man she likes best, and longs most to be at,  
Be sure to commend, and she'll hate him for that.  
Then husbands, &c.

What virtue she has you may safely oppose ;  
Whatever her follies are, praise her for those :  
Approve all her schemes that she lays for a man ;  
For name but a vice, and she'll sin if she can.

Then husbands take care,  
Of suspicions beware ;  
Your wives may be true,  
If you fancy they are :  
With confidence trust them, and be not such  
elves,  
As to make by your jealousy horns for your-  
selves.  
With confidence trust them, &c.

## SONG 172.

**T**O make the man kind, and keep true to  
the bed,  
Whom your choice or your destiny brings you  
to wed,  
Take a hint from a friend, whom experience  
has taught,  
And experience you know never fails when  
'tis bought. The



The art which you practis'd at first to ensnare,  
 (For in love little arts, as in battle, are fair;)   
 Whether neatness or prudence, or wit were the  
 bait,  
 Let the hook still be cover'd, and still play the  
 cheat.

Should he fancy another, upbraid not his flames;  
 To reproach him is never the way to reclaim:  
 'Tis more to recover than conquer the heart,  
 For this is all nature, but that is all art.

Good sense is to them what a face is to you;  
 Flatter that, and, like us, they'll but think it  
 their due:  
 Doubt the strength of your judgment compar'd  
 to his own,  
 And he'll give you perfections at present un-  
 known.

Tho' you learn that your rival his bounty par-  
 takes,  
 And your meriting favour ungrateful forsakes;  
 Still, still debonier, kind, engaging and free,  
 Be deaf, tho' you hear, and be blind tho' you  
 see!

## SONG 173.

**A**H! how sweet it is to love;  
 Ah! how gay is our desire!  
 And what pleasing pains we prove,  
 When first we feel a lover's fire!  
 Pains of love are sweeter far,  
 Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs;



Signs, which are from lovers blown,  
 Do but gently move the heart ;  
 Ev'n the tears they shed alone  
 Cure, like trickling balm, the smart.  
 Lovers, when they lose their breath,  
 Bleed away an easy death.

Love and time with rev'rence use,  
 Treat 'em like a parting friend ;  
 Nor the golden gifts refuse,  
 Which in youth sincere they lend :  
 For each year their price is more.  
 And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring-tides, full and high,  
 Swells in ev'ry youthful vein ;  
 But each tide does less supply,  
 Till they quite shrink in again.  
 If a flow in age appear,  
 'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

## SONG 174.

**T**HE blooming damsel, whose defence  
 Is adamantine Innocence,  
 Requires no guardian to attend  
 Her steps, for Modesty's her friend.  
 Tho' her fair arms are weak to wield  
 The glitt'ring spear, and massy shield ;  
 Yet safe from force and fraud combin'd,  
 She is an *Amazon* in mind.

With this artillery she goes  
 Not only 'mongst the harmless beaux,

But



But ev'n unhurt and undismay'd,  
Views the long sword and fierce cockade.  
Tho' all a Syren as she talks,  
And all a Goddess as she walks;  
Yet decency each motion guides,  
And wisdom o'er her tongue presides.

Place her in *Russia's* show'ry plains,  
Where a perpetual winter reigns;  
The elements may rave and range,  
Yet her fix'd mind will never change.  
Place her, ambition, in thy tow'rs,  
'Mongst the more dangerous golden show'rs;  
Ev'n there she'd spurn the venal tribe,  
And fold her arms against the bribe.

Leave her defenceless and alone,  
A pris'ner in the torrid Zone,  
The sunshine there might vainly vie  
With the bright lustre of her eye;  
But *Phæbus'* self, with all his fire,  
Could ne'er one unchaste thought inspire;  
But *Virtue's* path she'd still pursue,  
And still, ye Fair, would copy you.

## SONG 175.

**T**HERE lived a young mouse in *Balleno*  
crazy,  
Who had nought but a cat to make her uneasy;  
Long had he sigh'd for dear *Pitty Patty*,  
And said to the cheese-cake I would I could be  
at ye,  
But that he fear'd the Puffy Catty.  
But that he fear'd the Puffy Catty.

This



This artless young mouse was a novice at  
thievery,  
Which caus'd his mother a great deal of  
grievy ;

Thus long have I given you suck, l—d rat ye,  
And now you must fear the claws of Puffy  
Catty.

Oh ! the claws of Puffy Catty,  
Oh ! the claws, &c.

He peep'd in the cream-pot, he needs must the  
cheese try,

He mumbled the bacon, and travell'd o'er the  
pastry,

He look'd o'er the pantry, and thought it a  
fine landscape,

But little did he think how he was in a d—n'd  
scrape.

Oh ! the vigilant Puffy Catty,  
Oh ! the vigilant, &c.

One night in the chimney as she lay a sleeping,  
To nibble the cheese-parings he found means  
to creep in ;

Up she started, and gave him such a gripe, fir,  
As caus'd the young mouse to set up his pipe,  
fir.

Oh ! the cruel Puffy Catty, &c.

To all ye young ladies who are fond of kittens,  
I beg you'll handle 'em without gloves or mit-  
tens ;

Grimalkin's a hell cat, the de'l may stroak her,  
And so you've a song worse than dear *Ally*  
*Croaker*.

Oh ! the stupid *Ally Croaker*,

Oh ! the stupid, &c.

SONG



## SONG 176.

SAY mighty love, and teach my song,  
 To whom the sweetest joys belong,  
 And who the happy pairs,  
 Whose yielding hearts and joining hands  
 Find blessings twisted in their bands,  
 Which soften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains,  
 Who thoughtless run into the chains,  
 As custom leads the way :  
 If there be bliss, without design,  
 Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,  
 And be as blest as they.

Not the dull souls, whose marble form  
 None of the melting passions warm,  
 Can mingle hearts and hands :  
 Logs of green wood, that quench the coals,  
 Are married just like stoic souls,  
 With ozers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholly strain,  
 Still silent, or that still complain,  
 Can the dear bondage bless :  
 As well may heav'nly concert spring  
 From two old lutes with ne'er a string,  
 Or none beside the bass.

Not sordid souls of earthly mold,  
 Who, drawn by kindred charms of gold,  
 To dull embraces move :

So



So two rich mountains of Peru  
Might rush to wealthy marriage too,  
And make a world of love.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind  
A gentle to a savage mind,  
For love abhors the sight :  
Loose the fierce tyger from the deer !  
For native rage and native fear  
Rise, and forbid delight.

Nor can the soft enchantment hold  
Two jarring souls of angry mold,  
The rugged and the keen :  
Sampson's young foxes might as well  
In bonds of cheerful wedlock dwell,  
With firebrands tied between.

Two kindest souls alone must meet,  
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,  
And feeds their mutual loves :  
Fair Venus, in her rowling throne,  
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,  
And Cupid yokes the doves.

## S O N G 177.

**O**h! pity Collin, cruel fair,  
Think on his sighs and tears ;  
His sighs regardless as the air,  
And without hope his fears :  
Young Collin was the happiest swain  
That e'er in Albion dwelt,  
He laugh'd at love and mock'd at pain,  
It's pangs he ne'er had felt.

The



[ 183 ]

The neighb'ring nymphs had often tried  
 With love to lure the swain,  
 And he as oft their suit denied;  
 For love return'd disdain:  
 But ah! how chang'd his former state,  
 With folded arms he walks,  
 Upbraids the God and curses fate,  
 And like a madman talks.

Nor can soft music's flatt'ring charm  
 Give now the least delight:  
 No more the bowl his bosom warm,  
 Or rural sports invite:  
 Relent, fair maid, e'er Collin dies;  
 Let him not mourn in vain;  
 His helpless love, regardless pangs  
 And unrewarded pain.

O! think Myrtilla on his grief,  
 And on your cruel hate;  
 Reward his love and bring relief,  
 Before it is too late:  
 So shall his gen'rous, constant flame  
 Reward the beaut'ous fair,  
 And every hour and day shall beam  
 New blessings on the pair.

SONG 178.

**P**USH about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven  
 the heart,  
 Whilst at the *Red Lyon* we sit;  
 The drawer knows how to score up the quart,  
 Without being reckon'd a cheat, a cheat,  
*Without, &c.*

Q<sup>a</sup>

The



The Judge some poor wretches are doomed to  
curse,  
Whilst others a pardon can get ;  
Yet his lordship does know how to handle a  
purse,  
Without being reckon'd a cheat.

The greedy Church-warden, whose belly grows  
big,  
At th' expence of the parish gives treat ;  
Can cook it, to feast on fat fowls and roast pig,  
Without being reckon'd a cheat.

The Bean thinks the ladies affection to win,  
When the tallyman's cloaths do him fit ;  
Tho' at *Somerset* Gardens, the Park and *Gray's*-  
*Inn*,  
Poor Fribble must pass for a cheat.

Miss *Forward* is known by th' air of her digs,  
With painting and patches so neat ;  
Tho' modesty masques her dissembling face,  
Her tongue will pronounce her a cheat.

Old *Caleb*, the Quaker, who's never dress'd gay,  
At meeting starts up from his seat ;  
Tho' he speaks what the spirit does move him  
to say,  
At his shop he's both lyar and cheat.

The Grocer, whenever a customer comes,  
Is ready with scales so compleat,  
To serve with fresh coffee, tea, sugar or plumbs  
Without being reckon'd a cheat.

When



When the Lawyers and Doctors bring in their  
 long bill,  
 You find them brimful of deceit;  
 And the Statesmen their coffers know how to  
 fill,  
 While they reckon the tradesman a cheat.

Then let us, since jealousy troubles our heads,  
 That one can another out-wit,  
 Take off our brisk bowls, and go fuddled to bed;  
 For life is no more than a cheat, a cheat,  
*For life, &c.*

## S O N G 179.

**L** O V E's a dream of mighty treasure,  
 Which in fancy we possess;  
 In the folly lies the pleasure,  
 Wisdom always makes it less.

When we think, by passion heated,  
 We a goddess have in chace,  
 Like *Ixion* we are cheated,  
 And a gaudy cloud embrace.

Happy only is the lover,  
 Whom his mistress well deceives;  
 Seeking nothing to discover,  
 He contented lives at ease.

But the wretch, that would be knowing  
 What the fair one would disguise,  
 Labours for his own undoing,  
 Changing happy to be wise.



## SONG 180.

**I**F love's a sweet passion, how can it torment?  
If bitter, oh tell me whence comes my  
content?

Since I suffer with pleasure why should I com-  
plain,

Or grieve at my fate, when I know 'tis in vain?  
Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,  
That at once it both wounds me and tickles my  
heart.

*As once it both wounds, &c.*

I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down.  
And by passionate silence I make my love  
known;

But oh! how I'm bless'd, when so kind she does  
prove,

By some willing mistake to discover her love!  
When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her  
flame,

And our eyes tell each other what neither dares  
name! *Our eyes, &c.*

How pleasing is beauty, how sweet are the  
charms,

How delightful embraces, how peaceful her  
arms!

Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love;  
'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above;  
And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must  
yield,

For 'tis beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair  
field. *'Tis beauty, &c.*

SONG



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S O N G 181.

**M**Y dear mistress has a heart,  
Soft as these kind looks she gave me,  
When with love's resistless art,  
And her eyes she did enslave me;  
But her constancy's so weak,  
She's so wild and apt to wander,  
That my jealous heart would break,  
Shou'd we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,  
Killing pleasures, wounding blisses;  
She can dress her eyes in love,  
And her lips can arm with kisses:  
Angels listen when she speaks;  
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;  
But my jealous heart would break,  
Should we live one day asunder.

S O N G 182.

**D**ECLARE my pretty Maid,  
Must my fond suit miscarry?  
With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play  
But hang me if I marry.  
*With you, &c.*

Then speak your mind at once,  
Nor let me longer tarry;  
With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play,  
But hang me if I marry.  
*With you, &c.*

Tho'



Tho' charms and wit assail,  
The stroke I well can parry ;  
I love to kiss, and toy and play,  
But do not choose to marry.  
*I love to kiss, &c.*

Young Molly of the dale  
Makes a meer slave of Harry ;  
Because when they had toy'd and kiss'd,  
The foolish swain would marry.  
*Because when they, &c.*

These fix'd resolves, my dear,  
I to the grave will carry :  
With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play,  
But hang me if I marry.  
*With you, &c.*

S O N G 183.

**C**EASE, fond mortals, cease to move  
With idle pray'rs the courts above ;  
The pow'rs themselves will always grant  
Ev'ry thing they know you want.

Never wish for time to come,  
Never dread impending doom :  
Live, live the present hour ; but know,  
Length of time is length of woe.

Pleasure cannot always last ;  
Age comes on with trembling haste  
And damps the gay, the sweet repast.

S O N G



[ 189 ]

SONG 184.

**I**N vain, *Miranda*, you complain,  
And charge the guiltless boy in vain,  
Who ne'er has prov'd untrue :  
Thou sweetest image thought can find,  
Thou best idea of my mind,  
My soul is fill'd with you.

Let but those eyes benignly bright,  
That look the language of delight,  
This spacious globe review :  
If they can spy an equal fair,  
Be jealous then, and I'll take care  
You shall have reason too.

SONG 185.

**W**OUD you chuse a wife,  
For a happy life,  
Leave the court and the country take,  
Where *Dolly* and *Sue*,  
Young *Molly* and *Prue*,  
Follow *Roger* and *Joan*,  
Whilst harvest goes on,  
And merrily merrily rake.

Leave the *London* dames  
(Be it spoke to their shames)  
To lie in their beds till noon,  
Then get up and stretch,  
And paint too and patch,  
Some widgeon to catch,  
Then look at their watch,  
And wonder they rose up so soon.      Then



Then coffee and tea,  
 Both green and bohea,  
 Are serv'd to their tables and plate,  
 Where rattles do run,  
 As swift as the sun,  
 Of what they have won,  
 And who is undone,  
 By their gaming and sitting up late.

The lass give me here,  
 Tho' brown as my beer,  
 That knows how to govern her house,  
 That can milk her cow,  
 Or farrow her sow,  
 Make butter and cheese,  
 Or gather green pease,  
 And values fine cloaths not a souce.

This is the girl  
 Worth rubies and pearl;  
 A wife that will make a man rich;  
 We gentlemen need  
 No quality breed,  
 To squander away  
 What taxes wou'd pay;  
 We care not in faith for such.

## S O N G 186.

**W**Hene'er I meet my *Calis's* eyes,  
 Sweet raptures in my bosom rise,  
 My feet forget to move;  
 She too declines her lovely head,  
 Soft blushes o'er her cheeks are spread:  
 Sure this is mutual love!



[ 191 ]

My beating heart is wrapt in bliss,  
 Whyne'er I steal a tender kiss  
 Beneath the silent grove ;  
 She strives to frown, and puts me by,  
 Yet anger dwells not in her eye ;  
 Sure this is mutual love !

And once, oh ! once, the dearest maid  
 As on her breast my head was laid,  
 Some secret impulse drove ;  
 Me, me, her gentle arms caress'd,  
 And to her bosom closely press'd :  
 Sure this was mutual love !

Transported with her blooming charms,  
 A soft desire my bosom warms  
 Forbidden joys to prove :  
 Trembling for fear she should comply  
 She from my arms prepares to fly,  
 Tho' warm'd with mutual love.

Oh ! stay, I cry'd,---let *Hymen's* bands  
 This moment join our willing hands,  
 And all thy fears remove ;  
 She blush'd consent, her fears suppress'd,  
 And now we live supremely bless'd,  
 A life of mutual love.

S O N G 187.

**S**WEET tyrant Love ! but hear me now,  
 And cure, while young, the pleasing smart ;  
 Or rather aid my trembling vow,  
 And teach me to reveal my heart.  
 Or rather, &c.

Tell



Tell her, whose goodness is my bane,  
 Whose looks have smil'd my peace away,  
 Oh! whisper how she gives me pain  
 While, undesigning, frank and gay.  
*Oh whisper, &c.*

'Tis not for common charms I sigh,  
 Nor what the vulgar beauty call;  
 'Tis not a lip, a cheek, an eye,  
 But 'tis the soul that lights them all.  
*'Tis not a lip, &c.*

For that I drop this tender tear;  
 For that I breathe this artless moan;  
 Oh! whisper love into her ear,  
 And make the bashful lover known.  
*Oh! whisper, &c.*

S O N G 188.

**H**OW happy's the lover whose cares are no  
 more;  
 Who bids an adieu to all sorrow!  
 My griefs are all hush'd, and my torments are  
 For I shall be happy to-morrow, [o'er,  
 Each flow'ret of spring that ennamels the ground  
 From you ev'ry charm seems no borrow;  
 Then who will so blest or so happy be found,  
 As I with my *Daphne* to-morrow.

I never am happy but when in your sight;  
 Your smiles are the cure of all sorrow:  
 Remember, dear *Daphne*, your promise to-night,  
 And I shall be happy to-morrow.

S O N G



## SONG 189.

**W**elcome, welcome, brother debtor,  
 To this poor but merry place,  
 Where no bailiff, dun, nor setter,  
 Dares to shew his frightful face:  
 But, kind Sir, as you're a stranger,  
 Down your garnish you must lay,  
 Or your coat will be in danger;  
 You must either strip or pay.

Ne'er repine at your confinement  
 From your children or your wife;  
 Wisdom lies in true resignation  
 Thro' the various scenes of life.  
 Scorn to shew the least resentment,  
 Tho' beneath the frowns of fate;  
 Knaves and beggars find contentment,  
 Fears and care attend the great.

Tho' our creditors are spiteful,  
 And restrain our bodies here,  
 Use will make a goal delightful,  
 Since there's nothing else to fear.  
 Ev'ry island's but a prison,  
 Strongly guarded by the sea;  
 Kings and Princes, for that reason,  
 Pris'ners are as well as we.

What was it made great *Alexander*  
 Weep at his unfriendly fate?  
 'Twas because he could not wander  
 Beyond this world's strong prison-gate:

For



For the world is also bounded  
 By the heav'ns and stars above ;  
 Why shou'd we then be confounded,  
 Since there's nothing free but *Love* ?

## S O N G 190.

**D**E A R *Sally*, thy charms have undone me,  
 They've robb'd me of freedom and joy,  
 Then dearest, sweet *Sally*, smile on me,  
 For death is my fate if thou'rt coy :  
 Be cautious, dear charmer, in slaying,  
 Since murder's so heinous, comply ;  
 And torture me not with delaying  
 What ev'ry cross chit can deny.

Consider, my Angel, why nature  
 In forming you took such delight ;  
 Don't think you were made that fair creature  
 For nought but to dazzle the sight :  
 No ; *Jove*, when he gave you those graces,  
 Intended you wholly for love ;  
 And gave you the fairest of faces,  
 The kindest of females to prove.

Besides, pretty maiden, remember,  
 The flower that's blooming in *May*  
 Is wither'd and shrunk in *December*,  
 And cast unregarded away :  
 So it fares with each scornful young charmer,  
 Who takes at her lover distaste ;  
 She trifles till thirty disarm her,  
 And then dies forsaken at last.

S O N G



## S O N G 191.

**B**eneath the weight of hapless love,  
 How weak does ev'ry effort prove,  
 When struggling to get free !  
 In vain against the fatal darts  
 The tender soul its force exerts,  
 And pants for liberty.

Within the maze abstruse we range,  
 And seek to find the blissful change,  
 But still within the ring ;  
 At length the toilsome task resign,  
 And wait till beauty's charms divine  
 Their pleasing solace bring.

Ah me ! from whence arose that pow'r  
 Which blights the sweetly-blooming flow'r,  
 The violet of peace ?  
 Oh ! gentle maid, why stings the smart ?  
 Why throbs my once so blithsome heart,  
 With pains that still increase ?

Oh ! why did heav'n to *Delia* give,  
 On whom my soul must ever live,  
 Such beauty to destroy ?  
 Why rather gave it not the maid  
 Those beauties which can never fade,  
 The smile diffusing joy ?

How long, O cruel maid, must I  
 Emit the heart-depressing sigh,  
 How long in grief decline ?

Shall



[ 196 ]

Shall those dear eyes no pity show  
To him whose sad increasing woe  
Would pierce each heart but thine ?

Oh ! lovely *Delia*, learn to prize  
The heart, whose happiness relies  
And lives alone on thee :  
Indulge one tender thought, my fair,  
Oh ! think on sorrow, grief, and care,  
And then you'll pity me.

But should no feeling sense of pain  
Upon thy softer minutes gain,  
Nor touch thy cruel breast ;  
To calmer peace my soul resign'd  
Shall bless thee, *Delia*, tho' unkind,  
And die, and be at rest.

S O N G 192.

**B**Y the gayly circling glass,  
We can see how moments pass;  
By the hollow cask we're told  
How the weaning night grows old :  
Soon, too soon the busy, busy day  
Robs us of our sport and play :  
What have we with day to do ?  
Sons of care 'twas made for you !

By the nectar-flowing bowl,  
We can cheer the drooping soul ;  
In the bumper'd glass we find  
Ease for ev'ry troubled mind ;  
Hence, O hence, the jolly, jolly song,  
Mirth and joy to that belong :

What



What have we with grief to do?  
Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

Let the warriors keep the field;  
That to us no joys can yield;  
They in camps may seek a name;  
Be the bottle all our fame:  
Crown, O crown the happy, happy night;  
With social joys, while others fight:  
What have we with war to do?  
Sons of care, 'twas made for you!

Let the dying lover flee  
To the dear hard hearted she;  
We despise the lover's care,  
Drinking will no rival bear:  
Fill, O fill the merry, merry bowl;  
Let no cares our joys controul:  
What have we with love to do?  
Sons of care, 'twas made for you!

SONG 193.

**A**S *Cælia* in her garden stray'd,  
Secure, nor dreamt of harm,  
A bee approach'd the lovely maid,  
And rested on her arm.

The curious insect thither flew  
To taste the tempting bloom;  
But with a thousand sweets in view  
It found a sudden doom;

Her nimble hand of life bereav'd  
The daring little thing;



But first the snowy arm receiv'd  
And felt the painful sting.

Once only could that sting surprize,  
Once be injurious found ;  
Not so the darts of *Celia's* eyes,  
They never cease to wound.

Oh ! would the short-liv'd burning smart  
The nymph to pity move,  
And teach her to regard the heart  
She fires with endless love.

## S O N G 194.

**W**ILLY ne'er enquire what end  
The Gods for thee or me intend ;  
How vain the search, that but bestows  
The knowledge of our future woes :  
Happier the man that ne'er repines,  
Whatever lot his fate assigns,  
Than they that idly vex their lives  
With wizards and enchanting wives.

Thy present years in mirth employ,  
And consecrate thy youth to joy ;  
Whether the fates to thy old score  
Shall bounteous add a winter more,  
Or this shall lay thee cold in earth  
That rages o'er the *Pentland* firth,  
No more with *Home* the dance to lead ;  
Take my advice, ne'er vex thy head.

With blyth intent the goblet pour,  
That's sacred to the genial hour ;



In flowing wine still warm thy soul,  
And have no thoughts beyond the bowl.  
Behold the flying hour is lost,  
For time rides ever on the post,  
Even while we speak, even while we think,  
And waits not for the standing drink.

Collect thy joys each present day,  
And live in youth, while best you may;  
Have all your pleasures at command,  
Nor trust one day in fortune's hand.  
Then *Willy* be a wanton wag,  
If ye wad please the lasses braw,  
At bridals then ye'll bear the brag,  
And carry ay the gree awa'.

S O N G 195.

**B** Right *Cynthia's* pow'r, divinely great,  
What heart is not obeying?  
A thousand *Cupids* on her wait,  
And in her eyes are playing.  
She seems the queen of love to reign,  
For she alone dispenses  
Such sweets as best can entertain  
The gust of all the senses.

Her face a charming prospect brings,  
Her breath gives balmy blisses;  
I hear an angel when she sings,  
And taste of heav'n in kisses.  
Four senses thus she feasts with joy,  
From nature's richest treasure:  
Let me the other sense employ,  
And I shall die with pleasure.

S O N G



## SONG 196.

**F**IE! *Liza*, scorn those little arts  
Which meaner beauties use,  
Who think they ne'er secure our hearts,  
Unless they still refuse;  
Are coy and shy; will seem to frown,  
To raise our passion higher;  
But when the poor delight is known,  
It quickly falls desire.

Come, let's not trifle time away,  
Or stop you know not why;  
Your blushes and your eyes betray  
What death you mean to die!  
Let all your maiden fears be gone,  
And love no more be crost:  
Ah! *Liza*, when the joys are known,  
You'll curse the minutes past.

## SONG 197.

**I**T is not, *Calia*, in our pow'r  
To say how long our love will last;  
It may be we, within this hour,  
May lose the joys we now do taste:  
The Blessed that immortal be,  
From change in love are only free.

Then, since we mortals lovers are,  
Ask not how long our love will last;  
But, while it does, let us take care  
Each minute be with pleasure past:

Were



Were it not madness to deny  
To live, because we're sure to die?

Fear not, tho' love and beauty fail,  
My reason shall my heart direct;  
Your kindness now shall then prevail,  
And passion turn into respect:  
*Celia*, at worst, you'll in the end  
But change a lover to a friend.

S O N G 198.

**W**ITH artful voice, young *Thyrsis*, you  
In vain persuade me you are true,  
Since that can never be;  
For he's no profelyte of mine,  
That offers at another's shrine  
Those vows he made to me.

The faithless, fickle, wav'ring loon,  
That changes oftner than the moon,  
Courts each new face he meets,  
Smells ev'ry fragrant flow'r that blows,  
Yet slyly calls the blushing rose  
His quintessence of sweets.

So, *Thyrsis*, when in wanton play  
From fair to fair you fondly stray,  
And steal from each a kiss;  
It shows, if that you say be true,  
A sickly appetite in you,  
And no substantial bliss.

For you, inconstant, roving swain,  
Tho' seemingly you hug your chain,  
Wou'd fain, I know, get free,

To



To sip fresh balmy sweets of love,  
From bow'r to bow'r incessant rove,  
And imitate your bee.

Then calm that flutt'ring thing your heart,  
Let it admit no other dart,  
But rest with me alone ;  
For while, dear bee, you rove and sing,  
Should you return without your sting,  
I'd not protect a drone.

## S O N G 199.

**O**H, let me, unreserv'd, declare  
The dictates of my breast ;  
My *Thyrsis* reigns unrivall'd there,  
An ever welcome guest.

No more our sprightly nymphs I meet,  
But seek the lonely grove ;  
There, sighing, to myself repeat  
Some tender tale of love.

When absent from my longing sight  
He is my constant theme ;  
His shadowy form appears by night,  
And shapes the morning dream.

Ye spotless virgins of the plain,  
Deem not my words too free ;  
For e'er my passion you arraign,  
You must have lov'd like me.



S O N G 200.

**N**ATURE for defence affords  
Fins to fish, and wings to birds,  
Hoofs to horses, claws to bears,  
Swiftness to the fearful hares.

Man's endow'd with art and sense ;  
What has woman for defence ?  
Beauty is her shield and arms ;  
Womens weapons are their charms.

Beauty's power makes us feel  
Deeper wounds than those of steel ;  
Strength and wit before it fall,  
Beauty triumphs over all.

S O N G 201.

**A**LL attendants apart,  
I examin'd my heart,  
Last night, when I laid me to rest ;  
And methinks I'm inclin'd  
To a change of my mind,  
For you know second thoughts are the best.

To retire from the crowd,  
And to make ourselves good  
By avoiding of ev'ry temptation,  
Is in truth to reveal  
What we'd better conceal,  
That our passions want some regulation.



It would much more redound  
 To our praise, to be found  
 (In a world so abounding with evil)  
 Unspotted and pure,  
 Tho' not so demure,  
 And to wage open war with the devil.

## S O N G 202.

**I**N vain, dear *Chloe*, you suggest  
 That I, inconstant, have possess'd  
 Or lov'd a fairer she :  
 Wou'd you, with ease, at once be cur'd  
 Of all the ills you've long endur'd,  
 Consult your glass and me.

If then you think that I can find  
 A nymph more fair, or one more kind,  
 You've reason for your fears ;  
 But if impartial you will prove  
 To your own beauty and my love,  
 How needless are your tears !

If in my way I shou'd, by chance,  
 Give or receive a wanton glance,  
 I like but while I view :  
 How slight the glance, how faint the kiss,  
 Compar'd to that substantial bliss,  
 Which I receive from you !

With wanton sight the curious bee  
 From flow'r to flow'r still wanders free,  
 And where each blossom blows,  
 Extracts the juice of all he meets ;  
 But for his quintessence of sweets  
 He ravishes the rose,

So



[ 205 ]

So I, my fancy to employ  
In each variety of joy,  
From nymph to nymph do roam,  
Perhaps see fifty in a day;  
They're all but visits which I pay,  
For *Chloe's* still my home.

SONG 203.

**W**HY should a heart so tender break?  
Oh! *Myra*, give its anguish ease;  
The use of beauty you mistake,  
Not meant to vex but please,  
Not meant to vex but please.

Those lips for smiling were design'd,  
And that soft bosom to be press'd;  
Your eye to languish and look kind,  
For am'rous arms your waist,  
For am'rous, &c.

Each thing has its appointed right,  
Establish'd by the Pow'rs above;  
The sun and stars give warmth and light,  
The heav'ns distribute love,  
The heav'ns, &c.

SONG 204.

**W**HEN morn her sweets shall first unfold,  
And paint the fleecy clouds with gold,  
On tufted green, oh! let me play,  
And welcome up the jocund day.

Wak'd



Wak'd by the gentle voice of love,  
 Arise, my fair, arise, and prove  
 The dear delights fond lovers know,  
 The best of blessings here below,  
*The best of blessings here below.*

To some clear river's verdant side  
 Do thou my happy footsteps guide ;  
 In concert with the purling stream  
 We'll sing, and love shall be the theme :  
 E'er night assumes her gloomy reign,  
 When shadows lengthen o'er the plain,  
 We'll to yon myrtle grove repair,  
 For peace and pleasure wait us there.  
*For peace, &c.*

The laughing God there keeps his court,  
 And little loves incessant sport ;  
 Around the winning graces wait,  
 And calm contentment guards the seat :  
 There lost in extasies of joy,  
 While tend'rest scenes our thoughts employ,  
 We'll bless the hour our loves begun,  
 The happy moment made us one,  
*The happy moment made us one.*

## S O N G 205.

**N**ATURE by love when once refin'd,  
 How quickly do the passions find  
 An union in the breast  
 How aptly in a mirror's seen  
 Reviv'd the beatific scene,  
 That our first parent bless'd!

When



When nature's god the body form'd,  
 And scarce th' enliv'ning clay had warm'd,  
     He breath'd therein a soul;  
 Scarce were his other passions nam'd,  
 But admiration all inflam'd,  
     And love engag'd the whole.

Hence the rude man first beauty saw,  
 And blest the dear and genuine law  
     That should his will subside;  
 Love taught him how to mix respect,  
 T'enforce his words, his thoughts direct,  
     And was his sovereign guide.

By thought inspir'd, by sight secur'd,  
 In vision sought, by time matur'd,  
     The passion spread its sway;  
 Possession call'd its beauties forth,  
 Fruition signaliz'd its worth,  
     And did its pow'r display.

When vice his innocence absorpt,  
 And all his passions were corrupt,  
     Love still remain'd the same;  
 Kind heav'n forgot to be severe,  
 And soften'd condemnation here,  
     His mercy to proclaim.

To palliate all th' effects of sin,  
 He left a Paradise within,  
     An Eden of the mind;  
 Corruption tainted ev'ry part,  
 And seiz'd on all things but the heart;  
     The best was still behind.



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Beauty, the flaming sword, arose;  
At once to threaten and disclose  
An entrance into bliss:  
He left the blessings of a wife,  
To man a second tree of life,  
The tempting fruit — a kiss.

SONG 206.

CUPID ease a love sick-maid,  
Bring thy quiver to her aid;  
With equal ardour wound the swain:  
Beauty should never sigh in vain.

Let him feel the pleasing smart,  
Drive thy arrows through his heart;  
When one you wound, you then destroy;  
When both you kill, you kill with joy.

SONG 207, *By Mr. Stevens.*

*His Introduction and Dedication.*

IN well-hung coach let me be drove  
To *Clontarf's* Oyster-eating shades,  
On whose wide strand the god of Love  
Each Noon in beauty's pomp parades.

Green briny *Neptune* rolls his flood,  
The sandy beach his billows bound,  
The distant breakers roaring loud,  
While the white foam spreads lightly round.

The sea-weed brown each tide up-heaves,  
Marks out how high his ocean swells,

Proudly



Proudly the wat'ry plain receives  
The beauteous forms of bathing belles.

O while the nymphs, like Naiads, play,  
Their lovely limbs refreshing lave,  
Sighing, for *Proteus* power I pray,  
And wish myself into a wave.

But ah! in vain such thoughts arise,  
I dare not beauty's chace pursue,  
From those fine forms I snatch my eyes,  
And seek a less delighting view.

See standing in, from the wide bay,  
A tight-built ship plough thro' the tide,  
The sharp keel cuts the liquid way,  
Dashing the surge from off each side.

The rising winds begin with gentlest breeze,  
Fresh and more fresh springs up the rustling  
gale,  
Curling the smoothness of the glassy Seas,  
And swells the belly of each spacious sail.

*Hibernia* hail! behold to thee is brought,  
By traffic, treasures from the distant poles,  
By the distress'd, thy friendly shore is sought,  
And ocean, to enrich thy island, rolls.

O could — But stop the wish, in vain,  
Who can the open port command?  
Bid commerce here untetter'd reign,  
And freedom give to a deserving land.

Behold the daughters of delight appear,  
Sweep by *Ring's End*, to *Byrne's* impetuous  
haste, S 3 Where



Where eyeless *Paddy's* notes delight the ear,  
And well-dress'd dainties suit the social taste.

Enough of this, now urge the snorting steed,  
O'er the smooth road, then thro' the wood-  
lands green,

Where'er we pass, fresh landships still suc-  
ceed,

See *Powerstown's Cascade*, and enjoy the scene

Thro' the still grove, along the *Glyn* we stray,  
Admiring, tread the smooth enamel'd lawn,  
There basking, playing, in the face of day,  
Behold the branching Stag, the bounding  
fawn.

Charm'd with the eccho, as we ride,  
We cast surpriz'd around our eyes,  
See circling how, from side to side,  
The thickset groves up steep rocks rise.

Then view the mountain's awful top,  
And the strong stream that o'er it pours;  
Swift bounds its torrent down the slope,  
'Midst ruff rocks breaking, rushing roars.

See how the wat'ry sheet spreads wide,  
With ceaseless noise thick dashing down,  
Frothy outflies its misty Tide,  
Aslant the smooth-wash'd dropping stone.

Now back we drive to *Owen Bray's*,  
Where we enjoy a rich repast;  
His well-tun'd rustic roundelays  
Enchant the ear, his wine the taste.

*Owen,*



Owen, accept of this design,  
I dedicate these strains to thee ;  
Since others borrow songs of thine,  
Receive, dear Drole, these songs from me.

SONG 208, by Mr. Stevens.

Tune, *The hounds are all out.*

Contented I am, and contented I'll be,  
For what can this world more afford ?  
Than a girl that will sociable sit on my knee,  
And a cellar that's sociable stor'd,  
*My brave boys, &c.*

My vault door is open'd, descend ev'ry guest,  
Spoil that cask, ay, that wine we will try,  
'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to the taste,  
And as bright as her cheeks to the eye,  
*My brave boys, &c.*

In a piece of slit hoop I my candle have stuck,  
'Twill light us each bottle to hand,  
The foot of my glass for the purpose I broke,  
For I hate that a Bumper should stand,  
*My brave boys, &c.*

Astride on a but, as a but should be strid,  
I fit my companions among,  
Like grape-blessing *Bacchus*, the good fellow's  
god,  
And a sentiment give, or a song,  
*My brave boys, &c.*

W:



We are dry where we sit, tho' the oozing drops  
seem

The moist walls with wet Pearls to emboss,  
From the arch, mouldy cobwebs in Gothic taste  
stream,

Like stucco-work cut out of moss,  
*My brave boys, &c.*

My cellar's my camp, my soldiers, my flasks,  
All gloriously rang'd in review;

When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks,  
As kingdoms I've yet to subdue,  
*My brave boys, &c.*

I charge spoil in hand, and my empire maintain,  
No ancient, more patriot-like, bled,

Each drop in defence of delight I will drain,  
And myself for my Bucks I'll drink dead,  
*My brave boys, &c.*

Sound that pipe, 'tis in tune, and those bings are  
well fill'd,

View that heap of *Pymont* in your rear;  
Yon bottles are *Burgundy*, see how they're pil'd,  
Like artillery, teer over teer,  
*My brave boys, &c.*

'Tis my will when I die, not a tear shall be  
shed,

No *Hic Sack* be grav'd on my stone;  
But pour o'er my coffin, a bottle of red,  
And write, that *his drinking* is done,  
*My brave boys, &c.*

S O N G



SONG 209, *by Mr. Stevens,*Tune, *When Chloe was by Damon seen,*

**A**SKS thou the cause, why thus I mourn,  
 Why sad I hang my head,  
 My breast unbrac'd, my dress all torn,  
 My late fresh colour fled ;  
 Judge well my woe, and fortune's spite,  
 My woe you need not doubt ;  
 Sober I must sneak home to-night,  
 Alas ! my liquor's out.

Yon twinkling light in socket see,  
 Gleam dismal to and fro,  
 It's drank up all it had, like me,  
 And now, *per Force*, must go :  
 That self-consuming flame decays,  
 As wits and beauties waste,  
 For others they exhaust their blaze,  
 And turn to snuffs at last.

Their dear-earn'd truth too well I've known,  
 I'll from destruction fly ;  
 Mad fevers, dropfies, gout and stone,  
 I'll soberly defy :  
 The brimming tear stood in his eyes,  
 When he wou'd say: adieu,  
 Farewel, my friend, the mourner cries,  
 Like me, yourself subdue.

His friend, the vapour to dispel,  
 That *Ramble* thus enthrall'd,  
 Rose hasty up, loud pull'd the bell,  
 And for six bottles call'd :      The



The pleasing sound struck *Ramble's* ear,  
It thrill'd thro' ev'ry vein ;  
He stop'd ; turn'd back ; then seiz'd a chair,  
And swore he'd drink again.

SONG 210, by *Mr. Stevens*,

Tune, *To all ye ladies now at land.*

ONE Evening at ambrosial treat,  
From her *Ætherial* tour,  
*Minerva* the nine muses met,  
In *Ida's* sacred bower ;  
*Apollo* and gay *Bacchus* join,  
For hand in hand walk *Wit* and *Wine*.  
*With my fal de rol, &c.*

*Pallas*, the swimming dance begun,  
Her hair a fillet bound,  
*Blue*, like her eyes, the bandage shewn,  
Her sapient temples crown'd ;  
Which, loosen'd in the dance, dropp'd down,  
And *Bacchus* snatch'd the azure zone.  
*With my fal de rol, &c.*

The ribband in his breast he plac'd,  
By *Styx*, then swore the youth ;  
What had the throne of wisdom grac'd,  
Shou'd grace the seat of truth :  
At once then ope his robe he threw,  
And on his Bosom beam'd *True Blue*.  
*With my fal de rol, &c.*

If mortals can give garters fame,  
And honours form on earth ;

Sure



Sure deities may do the same,

And give one order birth :

This ribband, lov'd celestials view,

And stamp your sanction on *True Blue*.

*With my fal de rol, &c.*

*Urania* prais'd the rosy god,

Her tuneful sisters join ;

*Minerva* gave th' assenting nod,

*Phabus* enroll'd the sign :

Along the skies, loud *Peans* flew,

*Olympus* join'd, and hail'd *True Blue*.

*With my fal de rol, &c.*

This order *Iris* bore to earth,

The gods enjoin'd the fair,

Where first she found out sons of worth,

To leave the ribband there :

From clime to clime she searching flew,

And in *Hibernia* left *True Blue*.

*With my fal de rol, &c.*

## SONG 211, by Mr. Stevens.

*Wrote for the Sweet-Bryar Club. (A Back-sword  
so called) Tune, Come let us prepare.*

**Y**E Lads, who approve,

Of wit, wine and love,

And to be thought Bucks, wou'd aspire ;

Come, chorus my lays,

While I sing forth the praise

Of the mighty reformer, *Sweet Bryar*.

Ye husbands, whose wives

Lead you terrible lives,

And



And much castigation require ;  
 At a touch they'd obey,  
 If you once knew the way,  
 But to manage the magic *Sweet Bryar*.

The youth, who will swear,  
 Blab, or boast of the fair,  
 Tho' too often, alas! he's a liar ;  
 Bring him up to the sword,  
 He'll recant ev'ry word,  
 Beholding be blade of *Sweet Bryar*.

Ye priests, who tithe gorge,  
 And the laity scourge,  
 From his holiness down to the friar ;  
 The conclave ne'er taught,  
 Nor *Ignatius* ne'er thought  
 On a discipline like to *Sweet Bryar*.

Had I trebly the gift  
 Of *Dan Pope*, or *Dean Swift*,  
 Or cou'd tell a tale, equal to *Prior* ;  
 Yet it all wou'd not do,  
 There is still something new,  
 To be said on well-sharpen'd *Sweet Bryar*.

Wives, widows, or maids,  
 Who can best judge of blades,  
 Did you see it, its size you'd admire ;  
 For use, 'tis kept fit,  
 'Tis as keen as your wit,  
 And as bright as your Eyes, is *Sweet Bryar*.

This, at *Culloden* carv'd,  
 This, *Britannia* preserv'd,  
 'Twas this, made rebellion retire ;

Not



Not they, who Troy took,  
 Cou'd more hero-like look,  
 Than the men, who that day drew *Sweet Bryar*.

'Twas us'd to oppose  
 Banditti-like foes,  
 And again shou'd, if times did require ;  
 Now 'tis drawn in defence  
 Of our friend, *Common Sense*,  
 For our reason we trust with *Sweet Bryar*.

If dullness shou'd dare,  
 Among us interfere,  
 Forcing wit with a blush to retire ;  
 'Tis resolv'd on, *Nem. Con.*  
 Swearing, humbugg and pun  
 Shall their sentence receive from *Sweet Bryar*.

Hand in hand let's unite,  
 And in folly's despite,  
 Real merit we'll strive to acquire ;  
 Like men let us think,  
 And like men let's drink,  
 Here's success to the blades of *Sweet Bryar*.

# SONG 212, by Mr. Stevens.

*For a catch club ; to the same tune.*

**W**HEN the deity's word  
 Throughout *Chaos* was heard,  
 And in order uprose this vast ball, fir,  
 The spheres sung his praise,  
 Who from discord cou'd raise,  
 This *Harmony*, *Harmony* all, fir.

T

Each



Each child of the earth,  
The chorus sung forth,  
*Te Deums* were gratefully given,  
Land, sea and skies rung,  
With creation's glad song,  
And *Harmony* eccho'd thro' Heaven.

'Tis music, whose charms  
Each fierce passion disarms,  
As we find by unhappy King *Saul*, fir,  
When his harp, *David* tun'd,  
Madness sunk at the sound,  
For sense comes at *Harmony's Call*, fir.

The spider inflam'd,  
*Tarantula* nam'd,  
With his sting will each victim appal, fir,  
But music is sure  
The sad patient to cure,  
For health comes at *Harmony's Call*, fir.

*Timothens* had skill  
To curb *Phillip's* son's will,  
With a touch make his heart rise or fall, fir;  
He in tune put his breast,  
Then let *Love* do the rest,  
For *Love* comes at *Harmony's Call*, fir.

*Euridice's* swain,  
By his sense-lulling strain,  
Could the forest's wild tenants enthral, fir,  
Nay stones we can prove,  
Will obedient move,  
At *Harmony's*, *Harmony's Call*, fir.

Man and beast will decay,  
Rocks and seas sink away,

The



The great globe must to ruin resign, fir;  
Yet in Heaven above,  
Still will music and love  
Eternal in *Harmony* join, fir.

This night let us strive  
To keep humour alive,  
But first we'll this bumper dispatch, fir;  
Let him, who sings best,  
Sing a song for the rest,  
Or join as he ought in a *Catch*, fir.

SONG 213, by Mr. Stevens.

Tune, *Margaret's Ghost*.

'T W A S at the silent midnight hour,  
When fots reel homeward drunk  
*Tom Taper* knock'd at *Bagnio* door,  
Vowing revenge on *Punk*.

His face was like the damask rose,  
Edg'd with *Cerulean* hue;  
So red his cheeks, and eke his nose,  
And eke his lips so blue.

So shall each drunkard's face appear,  
Who swallows to excess;  
This is the look we all must wear,  
Unless we bumper less.

As sinks 'gainst rain, so stunk his breath,  
Tainted by pills on pills;  
Loose, black and rotten look'd his teeth,  
His legs the dropsy swells.



His face, at first, was fair and fresh,  
And pure, at first, his breath ;  
But drams destroy'd his sodden flesh,  
And spitting spoil'd his teeth.

He totter'd to his harlot's bed,  
And cry'd, awake, and see ;  
*Bet. Bet.* Oh raise thy rotten head,  
See what I take for thee.

Bethink thee, *Betty*, of thy oath,  
Thou swore, that thou wert sound ;  
I thought so once, but, faith and troth,  
The contrary I've found.

He made his horsewhip loudly smack,  
Then off the bed cloaths drew,  
And much he whal'd her tender back,  
Then cry'd out, bunt, adieu.

In vain she curs'd, in vain she pray'd,  
Incessant still whipp'd he ;  
And this, and this, and this, he said,  
Be due to all like thee.

The watchman hoarse loud gave a blow,  
The pewter rattled on the shelf ;  
Fill'd with revenge, then home withdrew  
The flagellating elf.

About the room awhile she skipp'd,  
And murder ! murder ! bawl'd ;  
Help ! murder ! help !—Oh, I've been whipp'd,  
Then for a noggin call'd.

She



She limp'd to bed, drew up the cloaths,  
Down laid herself full sore ;  
Took off a dram, then blew her nose,  
And spoke that night no more.

SONG 214, by *Mr. Stevens.*

RECITATIVE.

D A M O N.

**B**EHOLD, where bending branches twine,  
Where circling woodbines clust'ring join,  
Where jessamin with jonquils wove,  
Form the sweet arch to shelter love.

A I R I.

Around the wing'd-pois'd warblers fly,  
Or chirping skip from branch to bough ;  
The tinkling brook glides babbling by,  
While fanning breezes fragrant blow.  
The flow'ry couch by *Flora's* dress'd,  
*Pomona* has prepar'd the feast,  
And *Cupid* comes a welcome guest ;  
Haste, my fair,  
Your lover hear,  
Nor let him dream the rest.

*Enter* N Y M P H.

RECITATIVE.

D E L I A.

Oh ! help me, *Damon*, shepherd, see  
How on my arm a venom'd bee  
Has fix'd his sting ; I faint, I fear,  
Oh ! luckless me, to wander there.

T 3

A I R



A I R II.

D A M O N.

If that so small a wound can give  
Such sharp, such dreadful pain ;  
What must the heart-pierc'd youth receive  
When stung by your disdain ?

A I R III.

D E L I A.

Ah ! shepherd, say, rather each swain, like the  
bee,  
Flies buzzing about every beauty they see ;  
They sip up the sweets, but bequeath her love's  
sting,  
And at once, like the bee, the shepherd takes  
wing.

R E C I T A T I V E.

D A M O N.

Before I wou'd thy charms forsake,  
The day shall lose its light ;

D E L I A.

If thou thy love-sworn vow shou'd break  
With me, 'twas endless night.  
But ah ! you've said, and I believe,  
You look too lovely to deceive.

A I R IV.

D A M O N.

To deck *Flora's* bosom, while flowers shall  
spring,

While



While dimpling rills murmur, or soaring larks  
sing ;  
While the grasshopper sips up the pearly-  
dropp'd dew,  
So long to his *Delia* shall *Damon* prove true.

## D E L I A.

But see the sun setting the clouds skirts with  
gold,  
And nibbling flocks rising, repair to the fold ;  
Let us haste to the bower where skreen'd on thy  
breast,  
From the damp-dropping mists thou shalt lull  
me to rest.

## S O N G 215, by Mr. Stevens.

Tune, *Sing tantararara, True blue.*

**Y**E gossips, who blab out the secrets of  
state,  
Ye tell-tales, who over the tea-tables prate,  
Ye boasters of favours, from beauties overcome,  
Be wiser, poor praters, henceforward be *mum*.  
*Sing tantararara be mum, &c.*

When the girl grants her lover one favour too  
many,  
As girls to their Lovers can scarce refuse any,  
When she's left, she may pout, she may glout,  
and look glum,  
Yet she's still thought a maid, if she still is but  
*mum*. *Sing tantararara, &c.*

Ye wives, who have husbands neglecting their  
duties,  
That



That time give the bottle that's due to your  
beauties ;

Wou'd you cure them, take care when in drink  
they reel home,

To receive them with smiles, and resolve to be  
*mum.* *Sing tantararara, &c.*

It is good to hold fast, to hold much, or hold  
long, [tongue ;

But the best hold of all is to hold fast your  
Tho' wits, by their words good companions  
become,

Can they get half so much as the man who is  
*mum ?* *Sing tantararara, &c.*

The servant, who sily keeps silent, will rise,  
His ears he must doubt, nor give faith to his eyes:  
Ask the fine waiting maid how she rich cou'd  
become,

She will curtsy, and answer, *because I was mum.*  
*Sing tantararara, &c.*

When the wealth-wanting husband the rich  
lover views,

As the fashion is now, to grow fond of his spouse,  
By the hopes of a pension his jealousy's dumb,  
And the hopes of a pleasure keeps madam bride  
*mum.* *Sing tantarara, &c.*

But enough has been said, and enough has been  
sung,

Remember, dear friends, keep good watch o'er  
your tongue ;

I've no more now to say, to an end I am come,  
My rhimes are all out, I must henceforth be  
*mum.* *Sing tantararara, &c.*

S O N G



## SONG 216, by Mr. Stevens.

To the tune of, *There was a fair maid, but I  
won't tell her name.*

**W**HEN Jove slunk to earth for a bit of  
that same,  
And himself metamorphos'd to meet a fair dame,  
I'm surpriz'd he ne'er changed to a cock of the  
game, *With his fal lol, &c.*

What shape cou'd he fix on so proper below?  
Why women will tell you, and women shew'd  
know,  
There's none like a cock that can constantly  
crow, *With his fal, &c.*

Ye bucks be advis'd by a stag of the game,  
When you find a fair fond of a thing she can't  
name,  
Begin but to crow, you're cock-sure of the dame,  
*With your fal, &c.*

She's pleas'd to receive what a cock can bestow,  
When he knocks for admittance, she never says  
no,  
But wide-spreading sinks and permits him to  
crow, *In her fal, &c.*

The youth who wou'd wish with a widow to  
wed,  
Let him boldly but crow, and upright shew his  
head,  
Like a hen she will cackle, and call for a tread,  
*Of his fal, &c.*  
But



But the husband who, capon-like, flights the  
 young hen,  
 When call'd on to crow, cannot answer again,  
 Shou'd be flogg'd by the females back into his  
 pen, *With his fal, &c.*

'Twas thus that miss Kitty, the beauteous, the  
 wild, *[gim'd,*  
 To a fumbler for wealth was in wedlock be-  
 He once strove to crow, but his music was spoil'd,  
*Of his fal, &c.*

She mop'd round the house, and then oft full  
 of play,  
 His cheeks gently patting, wou'd down loving  
 lay,  
 But alas! 'twas in vain, for nought cou'd he say,  
*With his fal, &c.*

At length a brisk stag came by chance in her  
 view,  
 He stretched himself out, and she sigh'd at the  
 shew,  
 But much more she sigh'd when she first felt  
 him crow, *With his fal, &c.*

She wantonly welcom'd him into her pen,  
 For what she once felt, she wou'd fain feel  
 agen,  
 All women in this will take after the hen,  
*With their fal, &c.*

To you, love-longing girls, this advice I bestow,  
 In a lover's addresses regard not his show,  
 Nor make sure of a man, till you're sure he can  
 crow, *With his fal, &c.*

S O N G



SONG 217, by Mr. Stevens.

To the tune of, *No body can deny.*

**T**HAT most men are mad by their actions  
*We see,*  
 Then, as fond fellow-lunatics, let us agree,  
 Tho' few are so mad or so merry as me.  
*Which no body can deny, &c.*

Some madmen to wisdom make mighty pretence,  
 Turn thought topsy-turvy at reason's expence;  
 Some are mad with too little, and some too  
 much sense.  
*Which no body can, &c.*

The bigot is ever in great tribulation;  
 The courtier turns crack-brain'd, because 'tis  
 the fashion:  
 Thus religion and politics craze half the nation.  
*Which no body &c.*

Law and physic, why ay, those that love may  
 enjoy them,  
 Let the doctor and lawyer alone to destroy  
 them,  
 Yet they are not mad; no, 'tis those that  
 employ them.  
*Which no body can, &c.*

But of all the professions, and all the pretences,  
 By which weak-minded mortals are bilk'd of  
 their senses,  
 The lover's, God help him, the poorest defence  
 is,  
*Which no body can, &c.*

Love



Love and courtship is lunacy ev'ry where  
shewn,

What girl in her wits by a man wou'd be won,  
Who's so mad to begin, then so mad to be gone?

*Which no body can, &c.*

He's mad for his mistress, she's mad to deny  
him,

Yet she'd be more mad if she ventur'd to try  
him,

'Till she first, madman-like, had been sure fast  
to tie him.

*Which no body, &c.*

But let us at women's infirmities wink ;

Bring me here a half-pint, fill it up to the brink !

Come, who'll madly pledge me, as I madly  
drink ?

*Which no body can, &c.*

The night wears apace, let us lunatic crown it,  
But take this advice from a friend that has  
known it,

Tho' we're mad, let us not be so mad as to own  
it.

*Which no body can, &c.*

# SONG 218, by Mr. Stevens.

To the tune of, *Come and listen to my ditty.*

**C**EASE rude Boreas blust'ring railer,

Lift ye landmen all to me ;

Me's mates hear a brother sailor

Sing the dangers of the sea.

From bounding billows, first in motion,

When the distant whirlwind rise,

To the tempest-troubled ocean,

When the seas contend with skies.

Hark !



Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,  
 By topfail sheets and hallyards stand;  
 Down topgallants, quick, be bawling,  
 Down your stay-sails, hand boys, hand.  
 Now it freshens, set the braces,  
 The lee-topfail sheets let go;  
 Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces,  
 Up your topfails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,  
 Fondly lock'd 'twixt beauty's arms;  
 Fresh enjoyment wanton courting,  
 Safe from all but love's alarms.  
 Around us roars the tempest louder;  
 Think what fear our minds enthrals;  
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder,  
 Now again the boatswain calls.

The topfail yards point to the wind, boys,  
 See all clear to reef each course;  
 Let the Foresheet go, don't mind, boys,  
 Tho' the weather shou'd be worse,  
 Fore and aft the spritfail yard get,  
 Reef the mizen, see all clear;  
 Hands up, each preventor brace set,  
 Man the fore yard, cheer, lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder roaring,  
 Peals on peals contending clash!  
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,  
 In our eyes blue light'nings flash.  
 One wide water all around us,  
 All above but one black sky;  
 Different deaths at once surround us,  
 Hark! what means yon dreadful cry?

The



The foremast's gone, cries every tongue out,  
 O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck !  
 A leak beneath the chestree's sprung out ;  
 Call all hands to clear the wreck !  
 Quick the lanmiards cut to pieces,  
 Come, my hearts, be stout and bold ;  
 Plumb the well, the leak encreases,  
 Four feet water's in the hold !

While o'er the ship the wild wave's beating,  
 We for wives and children mourn :  
 Alas ! from hence there's no retreating !  
 Alas ! to them there's no return !  
 Still the leak is gaining on us,  
 Both chain-pumps are choak'd below :  
 Heaven have mercy here upon us !  
 Only He can save us now.

On the lee-beam is the land boys,  
 Let the guns o'er-board be thrown ;  
 To the pumps, come every hand, boys,  
 See ! her mizen-mast is gone.  
 The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,  
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;  
 Up and rig a jury fore-mast,  
 She rights ! she rights ! boys, wear off shore.

Now once more on joys we are thinking,  
 Since kind fortune sav'd our lives ;  
 Come, the can, boys let's be drinking  
 To our sweethearts and our wives.  
 Fill it up, about ship wheel it,  
 Close to lips the brimmer join ;  
 Where's the tempest now, who feels it ?  
 None ; our danger's drown'd in wine.

S O N G.



## SONG 219, by Mr. Stevens.

*Tune, Why heaves my fond bosom?*

**T**IS love, spite of laws, will its empire  
     maintain,  
 No council confines it, no rules can restrain;  
 Then cease, rigid parents, your daughters to  
     chide,  
 In vain are all precepts, love's still the best guide.

What's fortune, fame, titles, wealth, equipage,  
     birth?  
 Like plants, but the simple productions of earth;  
 But love, like the sun, beams a light thro' the  
     whole,  
 And, as one warms the earth, t'other lights up  
     the soul.

When mutual endearments we mutually prove,  
 And the fond pair receive and return equal love;  
 Then each tender fibre with extasy swells,  
 And the furious embrace thro' each art'ry thrills.

When words inly murmur'd proclaim the swift  
     bliss,  
 And life, at each lip, is kept in by a kiss;  
 'Till sighs, like soft breezes, love's tempests  
     succeed,  
 As in calms after whirlwinds, all nature seems  
     dead.

Ye youth, who, Narcissus-like, doat on dear  
     self,  
 Ye beauties, perplex'd betwixt merit and pelf,  
     U 2                      Wou'd



Wou'd you wish not to waste, but enjoy ev'ry  
day,  
'Tis love, but not self-love, must shew you the  
way.

Youth flies like a shaft that swift skims 'midst  
the air,  
No trace will remain that it ever pass'd there ;  
Then, while you are young, be not youthful  
in vain,  
Did you once taste the bliss, oh ! you'd taste it  
again.

You cannot keep beauty as misers hoard gold,  
'Tis too late to repent, to repent when you're  
old ;  
Ask your heart what you're made for ? 'twill  
bear quick to man ;  
While then fit for enjoyment, enjoy all you can.

SONG 220, by Mr. Stevens.

*Tune, I'm like a skiff on the ocean toss'd.*

**A**S Don beneath a hay-mow slept,  
While mid-day sun discharg'd his rays,  
Sly Dick (observant) softly crept,  
Resolved the nymph to seize.  
He press'd her so tight,  
That she wak'd in affright,  
I'm stifled, why Richard, I won't be us'd ill ;  
I won't,  
Odrat you don't,  
Pray tell me what's your will ?



I come, says Dick, to have some chat,  
 Then close to her lips he squeez'd ;  
 Says Doll, I guess what you'd be at,  
 But now I'll not be teiz'd.  
 She rose to be gone,  
 And he tumbled her down :  
 She call'd out for help, and thus begg'd of the  
 clown,  
 O Dick dear,  
 Don't, forbear,  
 You shall not have your Will.

Upon the new made hay she fell,  
 Too weak Dick's fury to repress,  
 What happen'd there, I dare not tell,  
 But all are free to guess ;  
 'Tis whisper'd that she still kept crying out,  
 don't,  
 I'll call out my mother, depend Dick, upon't ;  
 You shan't,  
 I won't, I can't,  
 You shall not have your will.

The chorus birds sung o'er their heads,  
 The breezes quiv'ring thro' the grove,  
 The hay smelt sweet, green look'd the meads,  
 All nature sigh'd out love.  
 Dick offer'd to rise, but she languishing cries,  
 As panting she lay with her love-swimming  
 eyes,  
 A moment, Dick, be still,  
 Since now you've had your will.

Lord, sighs the girl, you hasty men  
 Of Love, afford but one poor proof ;  
 Our fowls at home, each sparrow Hen



Is ten times better off,  
 Tho' you had your will,  
 Yet there's mine to come still ;  
 Dick gucs'd what she meant, and rose up at  
 the hint ;  
 Her wishes to fulfill,  
 He let her have——her will.

# SONG 221, by Mr. Stevens.

*Tune, Colin and Phoebe.*

**O**N a brook's grassy brink, in the willow's  
 cool shade,  
 The primroses pressing, reclin'd a fair maid ;  
 She por'd o'er the spring that limp'd idly along,  
 Well pleas'd saw herself, and thus tun'd her  
 soft song. *Well pleas'd, &c.*

Tho' the squire's fine sweetheart shou'd look  
 in the stream ;  
 If the chrystal tells truly, more comely I seem ;  
 What's the daisy, the peach, or the strawberry's  
 dye,  
 With white and red blooming, more comely  
 am I, *With white, &c.*

As oft' in the church-yard on Sunday I tread,  
 While gaping louts grinning o'er tombstones  
 are spread ;  
 With Raptures they praise me, I keep on my  
 way,  
 And down-looking seem not to hear what they  
 say. *And down looking, &c.*

Each



Each kneeling swain loudly protests I am fair,  
 Yet none can delight me 'till Hawthorn I hear;  
 Speed your search, you shrill songsters, 'till  
     Hawthorn you see,  
 Then tell him, he's staid for, he's staid for by  
     me. *Then tell him, &c.*

Hark the velvet bee buzzing the honey cups sip,  
 More sweet is the taste of his rose-colour'd lip;  
 On the lamb's curling fleece, I my arm listless  
     rest,  
 And sigh for the softer warm pillow, his breast.  
     *And sigh, &c.*

'Tis here, for his fond one, the shepherd reply'd,  
 Then seiz'd her hand kneeling, and sunk at her  
     side;  
 She started, while blushes her bosom bespread,  
 Then languishing glanc'd, and bow'd, sighing,  
     her head. *Then languishing, &c.*

All lovely, wild-looking, the shepherd she  
     clasp'd,  
 All rapture returning, the enamour'd he grasp'd;  
 Then murmuring, melting, she sigh'd out, O  
     dear,  
 Dear Hawthorn, for God's sake, O do not,  
     forbear. *Dear Hawthorn, &c.*

At length gazing speechless, words dy'd on her  
     tongue,  
 Before her dimm'd sight the clouds dance swift  
     along;  
 Riviving, to Hawthorn she fondly advanc'd,  
 And again, and again, and again was entranc'd.  
     *And again, &c.*

S O N G



## SONG 222, by Mr. Stevens.

Tune, *By Jove I'll be free.*

**T**H<sup>O'</sup> I love you, yet think not my judgment so weak,  
 To dote on your waste, or your rose-dimpled cheek ;  
 The black, curling locks, which your white neck inlay,  
 Your love-pouting lips, or your eye-darting ray :  
 'Tis not for those charms which so common are seen,  
 'Tis something more secret—but *guess what I mean.*

Platonics, corporeal embraces disdain,  
 Their mental enjoyments no passion profane ;  
 The mind of a mistress perhaps may enchant,  
 Yet still flesh and blood will meer flesh and blood want :  
 Each sex sighs for more than to see and be seen ;  
 What more is't they sigh for ? why—*guess what I mean.*

Can a dinner's warm steams fill the hungry with cheer ?  
 Or the sight of a bank dry up poverty's tear ?  
 The jingling of guineas, or fame of a feast,  
 They care not to hear of, unless they cou'd taste :  
 'Tis thus with the lover, not what he has seen,  
 But what he can taste of, that's—*guess what I mean.*

We



We wise seeming mortals, five senses retain  
 In the pay of the will, to be pimps to the brain;  
 One sense, like the serpent, devours the rest,  
 As man's most inclin'd to hear smell or taste;  
 But to touch is the point——yet I'll not be ob-  
 scene,  
 For to touch is no more than to——*guess what*  
*I mean.*

How sweet the sensation! how thrilling the bliss!  
 When breast joining breast, we blend souls in a  
 kiss  
 All madness the lover, the fair all delight,  
 Ev'ry sense then in one they extatic unite:  
 What's that sense of all senses? Why——here  
 drops the scene;  
 'Tis something, that's certain, but——*guess*  
*what I mean.*

### SONG 223, by Mr. Stevens.

*Tune, Farewell to Lochabar.*

**T**HE sportsman may boast of his well-  
 scented Hound;  
 Each day let the coxcomb in dawdling confound;  
 The statesman may vaunt of political schemes;  
 Let poets be fool'd by their fancy-form'd dreams;  
 Let night-wasting learned their volumes unfold,  
 Give the toper his bottle, the miser his gold:  
 'Gainst learning, wealth, drinking, wit, state,  
 I protest;  
 'Tis woman, dear woman, she's worth all the  
 rest.  
 Tho'



Tho' birds, in shrill symphonies, sing o'er our  
 heads,  
 And Flora's gay paintings enamel the meads ;  
 Tho' the fruits are so pleasant, so thick grow  
 the trees,  
 So warm shines the sun, and so cool breathes  
 each breeze ;  
 The odour of spices, the pure crystal stream,  
 Each nice gift of nature I nobly esteem ;  
 Yet birds, fruits, spice, flowers, can ne'er stand  
 the test  
 With woman, dear woman, she's worth all the  
 rest.

In sickness, in prison, in want, in despair,  
 What woe can we feel, if fond woman is there ?  
 The nostrum of nature, the med'cine of life,  
 In ev'ry affliction, the cure is a wife ;  
 For think not, ye fair, that these praises are paid  
 To the miser-like virgin, the green-sickness  
 maid ;  
 Tho' so delicate shap'd, yet imperfect's your  
 plan,  
 And you useless exist, till you're finish'd by  
 man.

SONG 224, by Mr. Stevens.

*Tune, Despairing beside a clear stream.*

**B**Y the side of a green stagnate pool,  
 Brickdust Nan was sat, scratching her  
 head ;  
 Her matted locks frizzled her skull,  
 As bristles the hedge-hog bespread :

The



The wind tofs'd her tatters abroad ;  
 Her ash-embrown'd beauties reveal'd ;  
 A link-boy to her, thro' the mud,  
 Barefooted flew over the field.

As vermin on vermin will dine,  
 As carrion best suits the crow's taste,  
 Thus beggars and bunters conjoin,  
 And, hog-like, on dirt make a feast.  
 To a Hottentot, offals have charms,  
 And with garbage their bosoms they deck ;  
 Thus she sluttishly open'd her arms,  
 While he filthily fell on her neck.

O my love, tho' I cannot well jaw,  
 This pleyer at play-house began ;  
 Not tobacco's so pleasing to chew,  
 As to kifs is the cheeks of my Nan.  
 O my Jack, cries the mud-colour'd she,  
 And gave him a rib-squeezing hug ;  
 I'd sleep in a cellar with thee,  
 Tho' bit by the blood-sucking bug.

Full as black as themselves now the sky  
 To the south of the horizon lower'd ;  
 Their wedding to keep in the dry,  
 To a stable they hastily scower'd ;  
 While the rats round them hungry explor'd,  
 Undaunted they took their repose ;  
 All night in the litter they snor'd,  
 And wak'd the next morning to louze.

S O N G



SONG 225, by Mrs. Stevens.

Tune, *Sing tantararara masks all.*

**N**OW Europe enjoys a repose from her  
wars,  
And fair-fac'd commanders sleep fearless of  
scars,  
Lads, list under love, and your lessons I'll  
teach,  
To the breast-work advance, and then batter in  
breach. *Sing tantararara toast all.*

'Tis Venus commands, for engagement prepare,  
In Cupid's campaign our foes are all fair;  
As fair let us fight, and make proper seizure,  
Here's success to our ensign, the standard of  
pleasure. *Sing tantararara toast all.*

Come, my lads, to your lips the brimming glass  
lift  
May we never want courage when put to a shift!  
And that we may never of happiness miss,  
May we kiss where we please, and still please  
where we kiss. *Sing tantararara, toast all.*

The wish of the sportsman shall next be recounted,  
Like him, each fair lady loves well to be  
mounted;  
The lover, in this toast, has likewise a share,  
For he, huntsman-like, is for seizing the hare.  
*Sing tantararara, toast all.*

Ye sportsmen, whose stomachs for feeding are fit,  
Call the cook here, I'll give you four hams on one  
spit, And



And least you shou'd think yourselves not fully  
fitted,

*Here's the meat that best bastes itself, when 'tis  
best spitted. Sing tantararara, toast all.*

Come, my lads, once again let your glasses be  
seiz'd,

*Here's the eye that weeps most when 'tis best and  
most pleas'd ;*

And still to go on with my favourite theme,

*Here's to dying virginity unchion extreme.*

*Sing tantararara, toast all.*

May our mistresses always be pleas'd to receive,

*And carefully save what we bountiful give ;*

And when keeping time, to depart we are  
ready,

*May our dying be happy, revival be speedy.*

*Sing tantararara, toast all.*

One health more, my brave boys, with your  
leaves I must teach,

In view, let's have pleasure, but ne'er out of  
reach ;

*Here's the nest in the bush, and the bush's best  
The bird who his life in that nest loves to spend.*

*Sing tantararara, toast all.*

Let us now toast some females ; the first my  
muse greets,

*Is the bookbinder's wife, that well stitches in  
sheets ;*

Next, the brown female-Reaper, who tight  
keeps her hand in,

*So well does her work, not a handful leaves stand-  
ing.*

*Sing tantararara, toast all.*

X

Here's



Here's the miller's wife's music, worth all other  
tones,

When the sluice is set open, and strong grinds the  
stones :

Call the maker of baskets, his wife's worth a  
bottle,

She'll strip the bark down, and yet safe keep the  
wattle.

Sing tantararara, toast all.

To the lass who's lamb-like, be a bumperreplete,  
Who still wags her tail, as she tastes of the tete ;  
Here's the cole-hole of Cupid, may ev'ry buck  
win it,

And to all, equal joy in the critical minute.

Sing tantararara, toast all.

Here's the nicest house-maid, who's still on her  
guard,

To keep the stones clear, and well scower the yard ;  
And her architect sister, the joy of the people,  
Who the stones can replace, tho' she pulls down  
the steeple.

Sing tantararara, toast all.

The young female chymist, by natural heat,  
The essence of life from such quarries can get :  
But of all the fair females, the girl I most prize,  
Is the skilful-furr'd female, the judge of a-size.

Sing tantararara, toast all.

Now a truce with our toasts ; no, one more I  
will name,

Since we've enter'd the lists to protest loze's  
black game ;

Here's



Here's the *centry*, who keeps at the *cockpit*  
command,

And *naked* at *midnight*, uncover'd will stand.

*Sing tantararara, toast all.*

Remember, lads, life's but a summer's short  
day,

So while our youth shines, let us joyous make  
hay;

Joy is all that we live for, let's equal share it,  
Here's the *harvest* of life, Love, Wit, and good  
Claret.

*Sing tantararara, toast all.*

## SONG 226, by Mr. Stevens.

*Tune, Sing Tantararara Masks all.*

COME, my bucks, let to-night be devoted  
to drinking,

To-morrow's too soon to be troubled with  
thinking;

Inspir'd by *Bacchus*, I'll sing to his praise,  
And crown'd with a bumper, instead of the  
bays.

*Sing Tantararara Bucks all.*

From *Bacchus* our name is, tho' some say from  
*Jove*,

For he was the first (like a buck) who made love,  
To a bull for the sake of *Europa* he turns,  
And bequeath'd to the man, she shou'd marry  
his horns.

*Sing Tantararara, &c.*

'Tis by women each buck at true honour ar-  
rives,



The first race of bucks were made bucks by  
their wives ;  
When for glory the *Greeks* round the world  
us'd to roam,  
Each wife, a true buck, dubb'd her hero at  
home. *Sing Tantararara, &c.*

Had the son of fair *Thetis*, instead of the brine,  
Been plung'd over head in a hoghead of wine,  
He'd have march'd among mortals, secure from  
all evil,  
A buck, when he's drunk, is a match for the  
devil. *Sing Tantararara, &c.*

But why shou'd the ancients still fill up my  
lays ?  
'Tis fit that the moderns, a modern shou'd  
praise ;  
With claret my rosy-crown'd temples I'll 'noint,  
And a health take to him, who first drank a  
half-pint. *Sing Tantararara, &c.*

Were grapes on the mount of *Parnassus* but  
growing,  
Or *Helicon's* conduit with *French* claret flowing ;  
Nay wou'd *Phæbus* but drink like an honest  
good fellow,  
Like *Bacchus* we'd honour his buckship *Apollo*.  
*Sing Tantararara, &c.*

What are misses, the muses, to nine mouldy  
casks ?  
Or the tea-table's splendor, to splendid full flasks ?  
What is *Pegasus* good for ? Yes, he shall be mine,  
I'll keep him as porter to fly for my wine.  
*Sing Tantararara, &c.*  
In



In daisy-deck'd meads, when the birds whistle  
round,

How shrill is their music, how simple the sound ?

Give me a bell's tinkle, a fat landlord's roar,

And a good fellow's order, *Boy, six bottles more !*

*Sing Tantararara, &c.*

Can music or verse, love or landscape bestow,

A six bottle sound, or a six bottle show ;

Cou'd I meet them at midnight, their bottoms

I'd try,

Who first shou'd give out, Faith, the bottles,

or I.

*Sing Tantararara, &c.*

This tuning and piping, no longer I'll bear it,

What's all pipes of music, to one pipe of claret ?

By my soul, bucks, I love it, and why, wou'd

you know,

Drink only as I've done, you'll all like it too.

*Sing Tantararara Bucks all.*

## SONG 227, by Mr. Stevens.

*Tune, Lumps of Pudding.*

**O**NE evening, good-humour took wit as  
his guest,

Resolv'd to indulge in a sensible feast ;

Their liquor was claret, and love was their host,

And mirth, song and sentiment garnish'd each  
toast :

But while like true bucks they enjoy'd their  
design,

For the joys of a buck lie in love, wit and wine,

*Alarm'd*



Alarm'd they all heard at the door a loud knock,  
And the watchman hoarse bellow'd, 'twas past  
twelve o'clock.

They nimbly ran down, the disturbing dog found,  
And up stairs they dragg'd the impertinent  
bound,

When brought to the light, how much were  
they pleas'd,

To see 'twas the grey glutton Time they had  
seiz'd.

His glass was his lanthorn, his scythe was his  
pole,

His single lock dandled a-down his smooth skull.  
My friends, quoth he, coughing, I thought fit  
to knock,

And bid ye begone, for it's past twelve o'clock.

Says the venom'd-tooth'd savage, on this ad-  
vice fix,

'Tho' nature strikes twelve, folly points to fix ;  
He longer had preach'd, but no longer they'd  
bear it,

So hid him at once in a hog'shead of claret :

This is right, call'd out Wit, while we're in  
our prime,

There is nothing like claret, for killing of Time.  
Huzza, rejoice Love, now no more can he  
knock,

No impertinent tell us, 'tis past twelve o'clock.

Now Time is no more, or no more can forbid us,  
Love and Wit of that troublesome guest well  
has rid us ;

Yet if Time should be wanting for any design,  
Henceforth he'll be found in a hog'shead of  
wine :  
Since



Since Time is confin'd in our wine, let us think  
By this rule we are sure of our Time when we  
drink.

Come, lads, let your glasses with bumpers be  
prim'd.

Now we're certain our drinking is always well  
Tim'd.

# SONG 228, by Mr. Stevens.

To the Tune of, *When first Procreation began.*

**A**S Jove over earth cast his eye,  
Thirsty mortals he drudging beheld,  
He call'd to each God of the sky,  
And Olympus with pity was fill'd.  
Immortals these slaves prithee view,  
To relieve them this day I design,  
For our sakes then to Semele flew,  
And on her got the great God of wine.

Jove ponder'd as she grew with child,  
Baby Bacchus threw him into fear,  
Wisely judging his darling was spoil'd,  
If mammy, young master shou'd rear:  
So snatching him sudden away,  
In his thigh did the infant enshrine,  
And we find from that time to this day,  
Jove takes the best care of our wine.

To earth the young buck was dispatch'd,  
And claret presented around,  
In remembrance of where he was hatch'd,  
The colour it bore of Jove's wound:  
A pearl-like complexion Champaign,  
We know by experience wears,

Poor



Poor Semele for him felt pain,  
So he ting'd it like her shining tears.

Now grief and despair died with spite,  
And sorrow slunk sobbing away ;  
Happy mortals got drunk every night,  
And laugh'd themselves sober next day :  
The fashion of sleep was unknown,  
And passive obedience to wives,  
Our forefathers drank with renown,  
And liv'd all the days of their lives.

Come, my lads, let us strive to improve  
Antiquity's sociable plan,  
All day let us wantonly love,  
All night let us drink if we can :  
To politics——pox of the name,  
Let coxcombs or madmen incline,  
If we must be searching for fame,  
Search what house is most famous for wine.

# SONG 229, by Mr. Stevens.

Tune, *Two Gods of great Honour, Bacchus, &c.*

**A**RIADNE one morning to Theseus was  
turning,  
When missing her man, to the beach down  
she flew,  
Her cries unavailing, she saw far off sailing,  
His ship 'fore the wind, less'ning swift to  
her view :  
She tore her fine hair, beat her breast in despair,  
Spread her arms to the skies, and sunk down  
in a swoon,

When



When *Bacchus*, 'midst *Æther*, begg'd leave of  
his father

To comfort the lady, *Jove* granted his boon.

Then gently descending, her sorrows befriending,  
ing,

His *Thyrus* he struck 'gainst the big-belly'd  
earth,

When o'er the smooth gravel, in murmuring  
travel,

A spring of *Champaign* at her head bubbled  
forth :

She wak'd with the scent, yet knew not what  
it meant,

But resolving to drink, quite exhausted with  
tears,

She tastes the *Champaign*, licks her lips, drinks  
again,

And feels herself suddenly freed from her  
fears.

On this she kept thinking, at that she kept  
drinking,

And look'd upon *The.* as a pitiful elf ;

She began to resume, fir, her grief smother'd  
bloom, fir,

And sociable wish'd not to drink by herself.

The god, her adorer, confess'd stood before her,

She hail'd the celestial, she welcom'd the  
guest,

To resist, 'tis in vain, the force of *Champaign*,

She cry'd, as she clasp'd the young back to  
her breast.

Each girl given over, betray'd her lover,

Her minerals, her hartshorn and salts may  
throw by ;

*Champaign's*



*Champaigne* the elixir, will properly fix her,  
 If properly she'll the prescription apply.  
*Spaw, Tunbridge and Bath*, are specifics in faith,  
 For megrim, hyp, vapour and spleen fancy'd  
 pain,  
 But can they produce such a care-curing juice?  
 Or all their flasks equal one flask of *Cham-*  
*paign*.

SONG 230, by Mr. Stevens.

Tune, *Highland Laddy*.

AS gilded serpents seek the sun,  
 In filthy mazes subt'ly turning,  
 The ambitious thus glare creeping on,  
 May I be still such splendor scorning.

CHORUS.

Oh! my bonny, bonny Bacchus,  
 My rosy, vintage, blessing Bacchus,  
 Without deceit,  
 By thee we're great,  
 For only thee can greatly make us.

As moles for worms (tho' purblind) try,  
 Burying themselves in dirt-rais'd lumber,  
 'Midst useless schemes, thus schoolmen pry,  
 Let no such search, my thoughts encumber.  
 Oh! my bonny, &c.

The joys, hare, horn and hound can yield,  
 The rustic 'squire thinks delighting,  
 The down bed quits for dew-spread field,  
 But a bottle's chace sure's more inviting.  
 Oh! my bonny, &c.  
 The



The sailors dreadful dangers court,  
 And fortune thro' the seas pursuing,  
 We soonest gain the wish'd-for port,  
 If quick we keep the bottle going.  
*Oh ! my bonny, &c.*

Pale love-sick fools, mop'd by despair,  
 Who whimper 'midst coquetish lasses,  
 And quit their bottle for the fair,  
 Are stupid water-drinking asses. *Oh ! &c.*

No longer, lovers, lonely pine,  
 Henceforth be better taught your duties,  
 Leave ladies in their turns to whine,  
 And let brisk bumpers be your beauties.  
*Oh ! my bonny, &c.*

SONG 231, by Mr. Stevens.

*Tune, Shanbry.*

**Y**E bucks, far and near, to my sonnet give ear,  
 And quit the dull trouble of thinking,  
 The sage, long ago, said, that nothing he knew,  
 Poor soul was unstudy'd in drinking.

Dull mumbling of Plato,  
 Or grumbling with Cato,  
 Dispassionate stoics will make us,  
 But the men truly wise,  
 Such Pedantics despise,  
 And attend to the lectures of Bacchus.

With full wigs, in fine coach, see the doctors  
 approach,  
 And muscular mould up their faces,  
 Grave



Grave smell on the cane, apply finger to vein,  
And count the slow pulse by grimaces.

Their fees first receive,  
Their opinions then give,  
With potions, and motions, they'll quack us,  
Their prescriptions may drain,

But we'll fill up each vein,  
By the nourishing nostrums of Bacchus.

By sycophant state, see the meanest made great,  
Spite of plain dealing, merits endeavours,  
That jilt, madam Fortune, is hood-wink'd most  
certain,

And scatters at random her favours.

Come lads of true spirit,  
Pay courtship to claret,  
That power the greatest will make us ;  
Can pensions, or pope,  
No nor ribband or rope,  
Lift us up like the bounties of Bacchus?

Ye lads, when you need with the fair to succeed,  
With bumpers begin your love's tryal,  
It emboldens each mind, in the lady you'll find,  
'Twill drown all the force of denial.

Drink, drink in your prime,  
Toss a bottle to Time,  
He'll not make such haste to o'ertake us,  
Our decay we prevent,  
His wounds we cement,  
By the styptical balsam of Bacchus.

Nem. con. let us join, in the praise of good wine,  
While misers 'midst millions dread dying,  
While lovers are mourning, and ladies are scorn-  
We're love and death equal desying. [ing,  
Observe



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Observe tho' the toast,  
Least our liquor be lost,  
And Death 'midst a bottle o'ertakes us,  
To be even with him,  
Fill each Glass to the brim,  
For we'll die with a bumper to Bacchus.

SONG 232, by Mr. Stevens.

*Tune, On a time I was great, but now little, &c.*

**I**N heaven, once at an ambrosial feast,  
Where the lass-loving Jove was the host, fir,  
He gayly propos'd a good health to the best,  
On Venus he fix'd for his toast, fir.  
Each God lick'd his lips, as the health went  
about,

But Pallas began at her father to pout,  
As much as to say, there needs not this rout,  
About toasting the face of miss Venus.

At length Juno broke silence, and swore by  
her power,

(As wives we know sometimes ride resty)

The nectar began to drink damnable sower,

The toast made the juice taste so fusty.

Says, evishly, Pallas, fir what do you mean,  
To drink such a health, and not mention your  
queen?

Her breath is as sweet, and her mouth is as clean  
As the lips of that lazy whore, Venus.

Venus, (smiling) reply'd, to affront you, I'm  
loath;

But what mouth I have, how is it you know?

Y

By



By Jove I'll be judg'd, who I'm sure has kiss'd  
both,

I have a breath that's much sweeter than Juno.  
Pray, Pallas, what pleasure can your lips pro-  
duce?

You fear to allow them their natural use,  
But splenetic fill them with dirty abuse,  
And rail at the breath of your betters.

Jove rose in a rage, like a drunken director,  
And bid them be silent and civil;  
Either quietly take off their bumper of Nectar,  
Or troop with their lips to the Devil.

Here's a fuss with your cleanliness; zounds!  
'tis a jest,

By Paris himself, I have heard it confess'd,  
Tho' you've heavenly breaths, they but stink  
at the best,

So away went the Goddesses grumbling.

Come, come, says young Bacchus, pray, father  
have done,

You see they went quiet along, fir,  
Let's drink and be merry, the women are gone,  
Brother Phœbus shall give us a song, fir.

Apollo began, with the help of the nine,  
The ladies return'd, and all jovially join:

Such power has music, when mingled with wine,  
They got lovingly drunk together.

### SONG 233, by Mr. Stevens.

WHEN Bacchus, the patron of love wit,  
and mirth,

With vineyards had planted the face of the earth,  
Some



Some Nations turn'd rebels, and broke from his  
 sway,

Tho' drunk with his bounties, denied to obey;  
*Derry down, &c.*

He harness'd his Tygers, he marshal'd his force,  
 Silenus was sutler, lord Pan led the horse;

The Ganges they pass'd, came in sight of the  
 foe,

And struck them all dead, without striking a  
 blow. *Derry down, &c.*

'Twas Pan did the feat, put their troops in a  
 fright;

For he slyly stole in, o their camp over night,  
 And while they lay sleeping, not dreaming

such matter,  
 He drew off their wine, fill'd their flasks up  
 with water. *Derry down, &c.*

Next morn when they 'woke, and their bottles  
 pull'd out,

The first gulp they took, put them all to the  
 rout,

They trembled from monarch to meanest me-  
 chanic,

From whence comes the phrase, to put men in  
 a panic. *Derry down, &c.*

Ye heroes of Europe, whose martial parade  
 Attracts the soft sense of each dress-tempted

maid,  
 Well judge of this scheme, and impartial de-  
 clare,

Cou'd you with meer water march fearless to  
 war. *Derry down, &c.*



The buck of the Greeks, Alexander by name,  
 As much by his drinking as fighting got fame;  
 He was sure of the vict'ry, lads, you must think  
 Who drank but to conquer, and conquer'd to  
 drink. *Derry down, &c.*

By foul, pale-fac'd villians, who only drank  
 water,  
 Great Cæsar was dragg'd to the senate-house  
 slaughter:  
 Had they drank what they ought, they'd have  
 dropp'd their design,  
 And no more spill his blood, than we bucks spill  
 our wine. *Derry down, &c.*

'Tis by maxims more noble we nourish our  
 youth;  
 Keep constant to claret, they're constant to  
 truth:  
 On the virtues of wine we may safely depend;  
 He who sticks to his bottle, will stick to his  
 friend. *Derry down, &c.*

'Tis wine (like the sun) that invigorates our  
 hours,  
 Wine blooms our complexions, as Sol blooms  
 the flow'rs;  
 And as birds grateful sing, when he spreads his  
 bright rays,  
 So we bucks, in full chorus, chant bright claret's  
 praise. *Derry down, &c.*

Mark each rose, when the sun's from our hori-  
 zon fled,  
 Shuts his leaves, dewy weeps, and hangs heavy  
 his head:

When



When his wine's gone, each buck thus a  
 will become,  
 Folds his arms, gives a sigh, hides his  
 and skulks home. *Derry down,*

## SONG 234, by Mr. Stevens.

To the tune of, *Sheelin a Gaira.*

**Y**E bug-bitten scriblers, who garreted  
 dream,  
 And furnish each tap-house with porterly  
 lays,  
 Yet saucily Burgundy take for your theme,  
 And roar out each rhyme to God Bacchus's  
 praise.

Each muse you pretend,  
 Will your jingle befriend,  
 And impertinent dare on those modest maids  
 Then ridicule sorrow, [call ;  
 And laugh at to-morrow,  
 And eke out each stanza with *Toll de roll.*

The universe dry you pretend you can drink,  
 And wish that the sea, boys, was nothing  
 but wine ;  
 Then search for a rhyme, scratch your heads,  
 seem to think,  
 And luckily find out the best word is brine.

Then you know jolly souls  
 Sounds well with full bowls,  
 Your ready conceptions, self-pleas'd you extol,  
 Then pat the word sober  
 Comes in for ostoper,  
 The burthen concluding with *To de roll.*



Prostitutes foul that pad nightly the street,  
 Infect the sound heads of mechanical  
 brains,  
 Marks they seize deadly on each sot they  
 meet,  
 Lade drunk by bad belch, and your more  
 muddy strains,  
 You are sure to despise  
 The sober, the wise,  
 And still for full bumpers, full bumpers will call;  
 Then sing you can yet  
 Drink yourselves out of debt,  
 And drown all reflection in *Toll de roll*.

Let Scribblers be damn'd, come my lads of true  
 taste,  
 A moment at midnight shou'd never be lost;  
 Come, one round of brushers to honour the feast,  
 Bring me a half-pint in regard of my toast.  
 May vigour assist,  
 To make the youth bless'd,  
 Who dare on the nice opportunity seize,  
 And may the fair join  
 In amorous design,  
 And mutual their aim be to mutually please.

SONG 235, by Mr. Stevens.

Tune, *Black Joke*.

FILL it up to the top, cou'd this wine but  
 inherit  
 Gay Bellamy's beauty and Bellamy's spirit;  
 With joy to my lips, then the bumper I'd  
 join.

What



What more in this life can we have to endear it  
 Than beauty, to relish a bumper of claret?  
 Without wine and love, life is meerly a cheat,  
 A day without sun, or a sun without heat;  
 There's no life without love, nor no love  
 without wine.

From the learned in lawn, to the curate in  
 crape,  
 They'll dispute on each text, but the text of  
 the grape,

It is sinful to preach over liquor they own.  
 The lawyers, who often demur to gain time,  
 To demur at a bottle, pronounce it a crime:  
 Nay prudes, who pretend to set love at defiance,  
 When bumpers their blood warm, accept his  
 alliance,  
 For wine conquers all, all to wine must bow  
 down.

Come, Cupid, be nimble, bring up a whole  
 dozen,  
 Well cork'd be the bottles, the bing be well  
 chosen;

Come, give me a toast, child; *Sir, the muses*  
*nine;*

By my soul I'll not pledge it; each muse, how  
 I hate her;

I'll ne'er drink those girls, who can only drink  
 water:

You're damnably humm'd, I can tell you, young  
 blinker;

For that health I'll employ you no more as  
 my skinker,

But help myself henceforth, I hope, to my  
 wine.

Here's



Here's a toast, my brave boys, worth a bumper  
ne'er doubt,

*May the failers be damn'd, come, my lads,  
drink about;*

No sky-lights, no heel-taps, but fill and  
drink fair.

Here's Bacchus's balsam, here's beauty's im-  
prover,

The soul of intrigue, and the heart of the lover;

The miser 'twill melt, griping sorrow 'till cure,

Enables the feeble, enriches the poor;

One huzza let us give to a med'cine so rare.

## SONG 236.

**C**UPID, the slyest rogue alive,  
One day was plund'ring of a hive

But, as with too much eager haste

He strove the liquid sweets to taste,

A bee surpriz'd the heedless boy,

*A bee surpris'd, &c.*

And rob'd him of th' expected joy.

*And rob'd him, &c.*

Soon as the urchin felt the smart

Of the envenom'd, angry dart,

He kick'd, he flung, he spurn'd the ground;

He blow'd, and then he chaf'd the wound:

He blow'd and chaf'd the wound in vain,

*He blow'd, &c.*

His madness but increas'd the pain.

*His madness, &c.*

Strait to his mother's lap he hies,

With swelling cheeks and blubber'd eyes:

Cry'd



Cry'd she, what does my Cupid ail?  
 He sobb'd and told his mournful tale.  
 A little bird they call a bee,

*A little bird, &c.*  
 With yellow wings, has murder'd me,  
*With yellow, &c.*

And are you not, reply'd his mother,  
 For all the world, just such another?  
 Whene'er you aim a pois'nous dart  
 Against some poor, unguarded heart,  
 How little is the archer found?

*How little, &c.*  
 And yet how deep his arrows wound?  
*And yet how deep, &c.*

## SONG 237.

**W**HAT means that throb, said I, my  
 heart?

When forc'd from Merfy's banks to part:  
 A brighter lass in town you'll find,  
 Than gentle Peggy left behind.  
 Go 'mid the circles of the fair;  
 Go, and forget your fondness there.  
 Chloe at once the prize will win  
 From Peggy's lowly shape and mien.

My flutt'ring heart reply'd, in vain  
 You hope the fair will cure my pain:  
 The painted face and gaudy gown  
 Will make me sad, and hate the town.  
 When Peggy talk'd, or lightly play'd,  
 How fast the summer suns decay'd  
 Can Chloe's wit, or artful smile  
 The livelong day, like her beguile?

SONG



## SONG 238.

**F**AIR Hebe I left, with cautious design,  
To escape the joint power of beauty and  
wine ;

*To escape, &c.*

But found myself burn, when I came to depart,  
With the wine in my head, and with love  
in my heart.

*With the wine, &c.*

I repair'd to my reason, intreated its aid,  
Who paus'd on my case, and each circumstance  
weigh'd,

Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my  
prayer,

That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.

That's a truth, reply'd I, I've no need to be  
taught,

I came for your counsel where to find out a  
fault :

If that's all, quoth reason, return as you came,  
For to find fault with Hebe wou'd forfeit my  
name.

What hopes then, alas! of relief from my  
pain,

While she drives, like a tempest thro' each  
throbbing vein ;

Since my senses surpriz'd in her favour take  
arms,

And reason but serves me to point out her  
charms.

SONG



S O N G 239.

**M**Y fair, ye swains, is gone astray,  
The little wand'rer lost her way,  
In gath'ring flowers the other day;  
Poor Phyllis, poor Phyllis, poor lovely  
Phyllis.

Ah! lead her home, ye gentle swains,  
Who know an absent lover's pains,  
And bring her safely o'er the plains,  
My Phillis, my Phillis, my lovely Phillis.

Conceive what tortures rack my mind!

And if you'll be so just and kind,

I'll give you certain marks to find

My Phillis, &c.

Whene'er a charming form you see,

Serenely grave, sedately free,

And mildly gay, it must be she,

'Tis Phyllis, &c.

Not boldly bare, or half undress'd,

But under cover, slightly press'd,

In secret plays the little breast

Of Phyllis, &c.

When such a heav'nly voice you hear,

As makes you think a Dryad near;

Ah! seize her, and bring home my dear,

'Tis Phyllis, &c.

The nymph, whose person, void of art,

Has every grace in every part,

With murd'ring eyes, yet harmless heart,

Is Phyllis, &c.

Whose



Whose teeth are like an iv'ry row,  
 Whose skin is like the clearest snow,  
 Whose face like—*nothing that I know,*  
 Is Phillis, &c.

But rest my soul, and bless your fate,  
 The Gods, who form'd a piece so neat,  
 So just, exact, and so compleat

As Phyllis, &c.

Proud of their hit in such a flow'r,  
 Which so exemplifies their pow'r,  
 Will guard, in every dang'rous hour

My Phyllis, &c.

# SONG 240.

**S**TREPHON has fashion, wit and youth,  
 With all things else to please ;

He nothing wants but love and truth,

To ruin hearts with ease :

But he is flint, and bears the art

To kindle soft desire ;

His pow'r inflames another's heart,

Yet never feels the fire.

*Yet never feels, &c.*

Alas ! it does my soul perplex,

When I his charms recall,

To think he should despise the sex,

Or, what's worse, love them all.

My wearied heart, like Noah's dove,

In vain may seek for rest ;

Finding no place to fix its love,

Returns into my breast.

*Returns, &c.*

# SONG



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